The Nation. May 12, 1979 $1

REALPOLITIK AND HUMAN RIGHTS

The release of the five Russian dissidents is an occasion for rejoicing, both for the individuals concerned and as a step toward internationalizing human rights. Even so, we must point out that the Administration's concern for human rights has been only fitfully and selectively exercised. This particular exchange resulted because the United States and the Soviet Union decided that another foreign policy interest—in this instance, American ratification of SALT II—would be encouraged if the Carter Administration was given a human rights victory while the Soviet Union got rid of some embarrassing prisoners. Valentin Moroz, Georgi P. Vins, Mark Dymshits, Eduard S. Kuznetsov and Aleksandr Ginzburg went free because human rights became a factor in international *Realpolitik*.

Now is an opportune moment to build on this precedent. The Soviet Union should be pressed all the harder to release Anatoly Shcharansky, Yuri Orlov and other political prisoners. The Soviet Union is vulnerable to pressure now because of the forthcoming Olympic games. Their anticipated athletic triumphs would be tarnished by protests in behalf of Orlov and others who are detained. The United States Government should be pressed to demonstrate that it cares about human rights not only when other strategic interests are served but also when to do so would conflict with them. In Latin America, for example, we are still shoring up brutal dictatorships because they are friendlier to United States business interests than the governments that might replace them if we withdrew our support. Human rights should become an everyday, not merely fitful, concern of American foreign policy.

BLOWIN' IN THE WINDFALL
Robert Lekachman

KOCH AND THE BLACKS
Fred Powledge

THE BATTLE FOR ZIMBABWE
Robert Manning

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE DOLLAR
Wendy Cooper

'THE DEER HUNTER'
Gloria Emerson

'HOLOCAUST' IN FRANCE
Daniel Singer

NUCLEAR POWER

THE PRICE IS TOO HIGH

RICHARD MUNSON

Twenty-five years ago Atomic Energy Commission chairman Lewis Strauss predicted that nuclear power would be "too cheap to measure." Although admitting that Strauss may have been a bit optimistic, the nuclear industry continues to spend millions of dollars each year to convince consumers that nuclear energy saves them money. There is growing evidence that it does not.

Since 1974, utility executives have canceled orders for thirty-two reactors and deferred orders for 150 more. And some prominent Wall Street firms have advised their investors to beware of utilities planning nuclear power plants.

At the same time, Government forecasts of the nuclear potential have dropped dramatically. In the early 1970s, officials estimated that the United States would have 1,500 large reactors by the year 2000. Only a few years later, the projection was reduced to 400, and unofficial estimates now place the likely number below 300. (At present there are seventy licensed reactors; eighty-nine more are in construction and thirty-nine under review by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.) The nuclear construction industry is in such a recession that, according to a trade journal, a new order is as rare as "the appearance of a comet." The recent near-disaster at the Three Mile Island nuclear facility in Pennsylvania has merely compounded the industry's financial woes.

Nuclear power has long been controversial on environmental and safety grounds. But as utility bills continue to climb, the controversy has become political. Meldrim Thomson, a strong advocate of reactors,

(Continued on Page 536)

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

STABILITY THROUGH DEMOCRACY IN NEPAL

Katmandu, Nepal

Nepal is a small state but by virtue of its geographical position, it has a great strategic importance for South Asia. The Government in Nepal derives its authority solely from the King in whose hands all the state powers are concentrated. The basis of his power is the army, particularly that faction of it which is known as the Royal Body Guard Troops. The palace is totally isolated from the people.

Political rights, such as freedom of expression, freedom of association, freedom of the press, etc., are denied to the people, and elections to different bodies are controlled and manipulated by the Government at every level, so much so that candidates must secure certifications of character from a body nominated by the King. The opposition to the Government is suppressed and has gone underground. Under a seemingly tranquil surface, there is an undercurrent of seething resentment. If somebody were to ask me to describe the situation in Nepal, I would not be far from wrong if I said the situation in Nepal is like that of Iran eighteen months ago. Recently I met in Washington an enlightened Congressman whose sympathies were wholly for the democratic cause. He admitted to me that he was not aware that Iran was seething with discontent and that the popular resentment was about to break out when he was there only twelve months ago. This state of affairs is not conducive to stability and progress. In the absence of appropriate democratic institutions the aid flowing into Nepal from various countries, notably the United States, is siphoned off by a handful of palace favorites, with the result that a very small group of rich people has grown progressively richer and the mass of the people have become progressively poorer—another cause of instability.

We in Nepal who believe in democracy have been trying to impress upon the King that he should start the process of democratization before it is too late. The events in Iran should be an eye-opener to him and all others who have the interest of the country at heart. The coup in Afghanistan and the current turmoil in Iran have produced a profound effect on the psychology of the people of Nepal and must have also created a sobering effect on the hard-liners in the palace.

A King alone, however powerful he may be, cannot be depended upon for insuring either stability or economic progress in the country. He must win the support of the people for this purpose. When I met the King recently to urge him to initiate the democratic process, I told him that the monarchy has a role to play only in the context of progressive liberalization of the administration. Nepal can be a factor for stability and progress in South Asia if the monarchy and democratic forces are united in a spirit of understanding. Our part of the world is in a great ferment; the situation, if the King does not try to improve it by timely action, by democratic process, by building up political institutions in which people have vested interest, by permitting the people constitutional channels to express their opposition, will be radicalized and the voice of reason will be drowned. This is what the United States should understand. *B.P. Koirala*

B.P. Koirala, former Prime Minister of Nepal and leader of the Nepali Congress Party, was once again placed under house arrest last month in Katmandu. He faces long-standing charges of treason, the penalty for which is death. *—The Editors*

OLLMAN REPLIES

New York City

In his letter to *The Nation* [Mar. 17] Kent Gordis is right on target when he says that I am not a coal miner and that I refused to wreck Class Struggle, Inc. in order to win momentary mention in the press for some well-meaning Brentano's strikers. But why the hostile tone? Does he really believe that one left group, be it a union or whatever, has the right to ask another left group (and Class Struggle, Inc. is more than a business), to commit hara-kiri on its behalf? And for what particular gain?...

First, let's get the facts straight. The strike, which was for recognition of the union, was at one Long Island store—some of Brentano's other stores are unionized—and we were asked to remove our game from all thirty stores in the chain. At the time, this represented about 13 percent of our sales. The workers' own union, the Teamsters, were using very little of their famed muscle in this strike, which was being totally ignored by the press, left and right. Since we were in the press as well as in the store, the workers felt that a grandstand play by us would bring them some well-deserved coverage and raise their flagging spirits. There was never any suggestion that any action by us could do more, and a lot of doubt that we could even do this, i.e., that the press would even take notice of our boycott. It should be noted, too, that no other radical supplier was included in this request to boycott, though all the radical publishers sell to the Brentano's stores.

In a letter to *Seven Days*, the editors and publishers of Monthly Review Press, America's largest radical publisher, say that the strikers' request to us is unprecedented and refer to it as "frivolous" and a "publicity gag." Most important to us, however, was the fact that by getting socialist materials into the hands of tens of thousands of people, particularly young people, we think we are making a useful contribution to the socialist movement, and the future of our entire effort would be put into jeopardy by going along with their demand. We offered other kinds of financial and political help, but the strikers rejected it, and so the matter ended. It was not an easy decision, but I think it was the right one and, given the nature of what we are trying to do, I think it was the left one as well.

Bertell Ollman, President
Class Struggle, Inc.

D.S.O.C. CLARIFICATION

New York City

Harold Meyerson's generally excellent story ["The D.S.O.C.—Radicals on a Tightrope," *The Nation*, Apr. 7] serves, however, to perpetuate the stereotype of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee as a white male bastion, failing to note the names of any women who play important roles in it—Vice-Chairs Millie Jeffries and Ruth Jordan, and the organizer and implementer of the Democratic Agenda, Marjorie Phyfe. *Alan Gartner*

AUTHOR'S INQUIRY

For an anthology and history of Camp Unity, Wingdale on the Lake, and Camp Calumet, I would appreciate any relevant materials—press clippings, letters, memorabilia. Copies of scripts, photos, essays, impressions are especially desirable, as is contact with former staff and campers.

Bob Steck, Box 209
Lakeville, Conn. 06039

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 228, No. 18

COVER
Editorial:
Realpolitik and Human Rights
Nuclear Power:
The Price Is Too High — *Richard Munson*

LETTERS
522

EDITORIALS
523 Blowin' in the Windfall — *Robert Lekachman*
524 Broken Treaty — *Albert Resis*
525 Sidebar
526 Judge Watch 7:
Friend in Court — *Dorothy J. Samuels and James A. Goodman*

ARTICLES
527 Mayor Koch & the Racists:
Black and Blue in New York — *Fred Powledge*
530 Scenarios for Armageddon:
The Battle for Zimbabwe — *Robert Manning*
533 How the Almighty Has Fallen:
The Decline and Fall of the Dollar — *Wendy Cooper*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
540 Oscars for Our Sins — *Gloria Emerson*
541 Paris Letter:
The Politics and the Pity — *Daniel Singer*
542 For My Husband (poem) — *Ellen Bryant Voigt*
544 Bettelheim: Surviving and Other Essays — *Clara Claiborne Park*
544 The Crystal Cage (poem) — *Stanley Kunitz*
546 Steiner: Fusang — *Paul Cowan*
548 Kluger: Star Witness — *Sylvia Law*
548 Theater — *Harold Clurman*
549 Indigenous Music — *Nat Hentoff*

Drawings by Signe Wilkinson

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Literary Editor*, Elizabeth Pochoda; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Copy Editor*, Patricia Dowling; *Assistant Copy Editor*, Sydne Silverstein; *Assistant Editor*, Kai Bird; *Editorial Assistants*, Karen Wilcox, Amy Wilentz; *Editorial Secretary*, Ola Lyon.

Departments: *Art*, Lawrence Alloway; *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Dance*, Nancy Goldner; *Films*, Robert Hatch; *Indigenous Music*, Nat Hentoff; *Music*, David Hamilton; *Press*, Richard Pollak; *Television*, Peter Sourian; *Theater*, Harold Clurman; *White House Correspondent*, Robert Sherrill. *Correspondents*: *Bonn*, C. Amery; *Canberra*, C.P. Fitzgerald; *Latin America*, Penny Lernoux; *London*, Raymond Williams; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Peking*, James Aronson. *Columnists and Regular Contributors*: Carey McWilliams (*Second Thoughts*), Calvin Trillin (*Variations*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editor*, Blair Clark. *Editorial Board*: James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Marcus Raskin, A.W. Singham, Alan Wolfe.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish

Advertising Manager, Susan Ellen Heitler; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Circulation Manager*, Gloria Sangster; *Production Coordinator*, Deborah Thomas; *Assistant to Publisher*, Karen Polk; *Staff*, John Holtz, Greta Loell; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates*, Claudine Bacher. *Nation News Service*, Joanne Grant.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1979 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Subscription Price: One year, $21; two years, $37. Student rate $15 a year. Add $3 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $5 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give zip code numbers for both addresses.

EDITORIALS.

Blowin' in The Windfall

At Presidential instigation, still another misleading debate on a fake issue is in progress. This one is about the fate of the latest profit bonanza in prospect for Exxon, Mobil and their gigantic chums. Mr. Carter's misguided decision to decontrol domestically produced petroleum will shower billions of dollars upon an industry whose profits have embarrassingly escalated even with the existing indulgent controls on old oil. First-quarter 1979 earnings exceeded quite satisfactory profits in the corresponding months of 1978 by 81.3 percent for Gulf, 80.9 percent for Texaco, 42.8 percent for Standard Oil of California and a piddling 37.4 percent for Exxon, to note neither the largest nor the smallest of these earnings improvements.

Such as it is, the controversy matches the energy industry and its many Congressional allies against the White House, Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill and a few other temperate Carter loyalists in Congress. With unashamed avarice, the corporations would like to keep every dollar of their new revenues. They hold out as a lure the hope that this time around they will concentrate investment upon new sources of fossil and nonfossil energy instead of buying up Montgomery Ward, Anaconda Copper and assorted enterprises in the telecopier, electronic game and computer lines. For its part, the White House, on the hunt for a promising political issue, is determined to tax away a modest fraction of the new billions.

The figures supplied by the White House reveal just how tiny that fraction is. By 1982, its experts guess that the additional earnings directly attributable to decontrol will amount to $14.5 billion. The new windfall tax will subtract just $1.7 billion, not much more than 10 percent. No wonder astute souls within the major energy corporations have started hinting

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
MAY 9 '79
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that they will not resist too hard some sort of new tax, suitably modified by Congress.

Of all possible ways to cope with energy and its malignant impact upon inflation, the ineffable James Schlesinger appears to have talked his President into picking the worst. Nothing guarantees that the energy conglomerates will devote their new resources to the cause of more energy. The sight of extortionate profit will outrage trade unions and intensify collective bargaining attempts to win contracts that keep pace with inflation. Rising oil prices will of course add an unneeded fillip to the current 13 percent inflation. And, for the record, higher prices will do very little to reduce energy use in a society which still revolves around the private automobile.

I can, without thinking hard or long, list four familiar policies that would be preferable to the unleashing of a socially irresponsible industry. If the American infatuation with private enterprise did not for the moment rule out public ownership as a political possibility, I would urge nationalization of the major companies as the optimum approach. As things stand, the oil companies are OPEC's best allies, and their profits soar each time OPEC turns the price screw tighter. Short of nationalization, there is something to be said for the revival of Senator Adlai Stevenson's Federal Oil and Gas Corporation as a T.V.A.-like price and profit yardstick for the private producers. In theory at least, even antitrust has its points. Like Stevenson's FOGCO, however, proposals by the late Senator Philip Hart and others to break up the energy giants have sunk without trace. One more testimonial, if it were needed, to the influence of oil money on Congress and the White House. Of the politically conceivable possibilities, a continuation of existing controls, coupled with rationing of gasoline, would have been best calculated to conserve energy, reduce our dependence on OPEC imports and limit the inflationary impact of energy costs. A valiant Congressional band is endeavoring against heavy odds to reverse Carter's determination to decontrol the industry.

Let me add to this list my own small thought. Why not impose a 100 percent tax on windfalls unless they are actually invested in energy exploration and development? Those who now advocate a plowback exemption from windfall taxation plan to offer a gift of public money to corporate users who will make additional profits from their investments. By contrast, I should simply require corporations which reinvest to transfer to the Treasury Department new quantities of common stock equivalent to the size of their capital expenditures. Individuals who now devote their savings to the purchase of securities in publicly listed companies expect regular dividends and potential capital gains. I see no reason why the public should suffer because the world oil cartel channels billions of dollars to corporations which have exerted no effort and made no economic contribution to secure them.

The potential benefits of my proposal are substantial. As a stockholder, the Treasury Department would of course seek representation on corporate boards. Its agents would speak for the public interest in the determination of all relevant corporate policies, particularly those that relate to investment. If the oil companies keep their promises, they will indeed have available for energy investment every dollar of new revenue. But, for a change, the public will share in corporate good fortune. Moreover, incentives automatically to pass on OPEC price hikes will be substantially reduced by the necessity either to pay extra taxes if earnings are not reinvested or dividends to the Treasury if they are.

This half step toward increased public participation in the corporate management of this industry is inferior to outright public control. However, it does provide new capital on reasonable terms for socially desirable investment. In addition, it will prevent future rip-offs by the energy giants each time OPEC raises the world price of oil another $1, $2 or $5 per barrel. In the present political climate, I suppose that the most likely of political outcomes is decontrol along with a windfall profits levy even feebler than the Administration's toothless wonder. Still, a faint hope that the shamelessness of the oil industry will be in the end too much for the public and Congress does flicker in my mind like a candle at the end of a long tunnel.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Robert Lekachman is distinguished professor of economics, Lehman College, CUNY, and a member of The Nation's *Editorial Board.*

Broken Treaty

Little noticed by the world, the last tattered ensign of monolithic Communism was hauled down on April 3, 1979. On that day, the Chinese abrogated the Sino-Soviet friendship treaty, charging that the alliance between the two Communist powers had long been one in name only—a not surprising statement in view of the 650,000 Soviet and 1.4 million Chinese troops confronting each other along a disputed border.

Remarkably, neither side had denounced the treaty earlier, despite its erosion by Soviet-American détente, the border clashes that threatened all-out Sino-Soviet war, and China's recent punitive expedition into Vietnam. Indeed, it seemed that the alliance might even be renewed. If neither denounced the thirty-year treaty by April 11, 1979, the twenty-ninth anniversary of its ratification, it would automatically renew for another five years, although it had in fact been moribund since the early 1960s.

Both sides have in the past offered various reasons for not abrogating the Moscow treaty. Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping implied that abrogation by China would be superfluous, because the Sino-Japanese Treaty of Peace, signed last August in Peking, in ef-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fect nullified the Moscow treaty, which was expressly directed against Japan and implicitly against the United States. Leonid Brezhnev stated last January that Moscow would not be provoked into tearing up a treaty that epitomized friendship between the Soviet and Chinese peoples.

These were the official reasons for nonabrogation; but they bore little resemblance to the real reasons. In reality, the Russians hoped (and still hope) that a future change of Peking's leadership would reactivate the alliance. On their part, the Chinese leaders played the dormant treaty as a hole card, bluffing their relatively weak diplomatic position into a powerful one. Last year the Chinese successfully used alternating hints of abrogation and nonabrogation as a carrot and a stick to overcome Japanese fears of Soviet retaliation should Tokyo sign Peking's anti-"hegemony" peace treaty. To make Washington more tractable in its dealings with China, Peking played on Washington's residual fears that Peking might, if Washington got pushy, resuscitate the alliance with Moscow. Simultaneously, the Chinese tantalized the Russians with the prospect that some day the alliance with China might be patched up. And Peking obviously hoped that Moscow's nonabrogation would implant doubt among Vietnamese concerning their Soviet ally's reliability. When China invaded "the Cuba of the Orient," in Deng's phrase, Peking had Washington's tacit blessing for that invasion.

Thus Deng Xiaoping brought off a momentous diplomatic revolution. With consummate skill he parlayed the Sino-Soviet alliance, which was dead but not buried, into a Sino-American entente, which is very much alive. The nexus of this new partnership is Deng's call to arms against the Soviet Union. The Carter-Vance-Brzezinski team, which once professed the Trilateralist view that only the unity of the United States, West Europe and Japan could contain the Soviet and Chinese Communists, has apparently been converted to Mao's "Three Worlds" theory. Deng asserts that the Soviet Union, not the United States, is the "first world's" superpower, bound on winning "global hegemony." Therefore, only the unity of the United States, Europe and Japan (the "second world"), and China heading the "third world" can curb the "polar bear." In effect, Deng proposes to turn the anti-Communist trilateral bloc into an anti-Soviet quadrilateral—while China gains access to American largess. Could the Carter team, given its premises, refuse so handsome an offer?

Deng is in fact adroitly promoting a new bipartisan American foreign policy. Indeed, his appeal for a worldwide, anti-Soviet front is downright irresistible to both the Democratic and Republican parties' hardliners. Feeding their worst fears, Deng declares that the defeats suffered by the West in the Angola-Afghanistan arc stemmed from America's "strategic retreat" before Soviet "hegemonism." Although Deng used to castigate détente as Soviet-American "collusion" against China, he now, ironically, fosters Sino-American collusion against the Soviet Union. His goal—to block Soviet-American détente and to isolate the Soviet Union—is the American hard-liner's dream come true.

Thus, the Sino-Soviet alliance served the diametrically opposed purposes of Moscow and Peking. The alliance could not long coexist with Soviet-American détente, and Peking abrogated it once China's American connection was definitely secured. But can détente now coexist with a Sino-American entente? If not, then Washington once again has its foreign policy priorities wrong.

ALBERT RESIS

Albert Resis teaches Russian history at Northern Illinois University. He is a contributor to the American Historical Review, Slavic Review, Russian Review *and* Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Sidebar

On April 23, a supper was held at Cooper Union, New York City, in honor of the Nation Associates, a special group of people whose support of this magazine over the years has been invaluable. That obligation enjoyably discharged, all adjourned to the auditorium for what had been originally billed as a celebration of *The Nation*. Appropriately, the keynote speaker was James Storrow jr., who presided over *The Nation* as its dedicated publisher between 1965 and 1978. Mr. Storrow underlined what he thought to be the magazine's crucial virtue in its 114 years of life—that it "has never allowed itself to become the house organ of any philosophy, or the mouthpiece of any movement—however much in agreement we might be." Which did not, however, prevent its championing of causes, including that of "one other publication whose editorial independence and insight have earned my unqualified admiration." The publication Mr. Storrow referred to was *The Progressive*, whose current troubles with the law persuaded us that instead of celebrating ourselves, the most useful thing we could do to advance the values we hold in common with *The Progressive* was to devote the remainder of the evening to them. With that, Mr. Storrow turned the meeting over to moderator Victor Navasky, editor of *The Nation*, who introduced *The Progressive* forces.

Erwin Knoll, editor, told about routinely sending out Howard Morland's H-bomb article to several experts for vetting; one of the experts, without authorization, forwarded the manuscript to the Justice Department, and the roof began falling. The magazine's attorney was at first unfazed, but then read the sweeping language of the atomic energy act and promptly called Knoll—at 3 A.M. There was trouble ahead, he said, with the only bright spot being that "they've repealed the death penalty." Knoll made a spirited defense of his right as an editor to publish what he believes in, and reproached those in the establishment press who had cautioned him not to

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tempt the Burger Court into delivering a crippling blow to the First Amendment: "We can't keep the amendment in a footlocker until the right Court comes along."

Howard Morland told how he had gone about gathering his bomb "secrets" by talking openly with a number of technicians. Publisher Ron Carbon said that the costs of carrying an appeal of the Federal District judge's temporary restraining order to the Supreme Court will be around $280,000. If *The Progressive* loses on appeal, it will probably go back to the lower court for a trial on whether the temporary prior restraint should be made permanent, which could run the magazine's legal bills considerably higher. *Nation* columnist Nat Hentoff added the insights of the seasoned civil libertarian he is, commenting caustically on the vagueness of the atomic energy statute. He recalled the repugnance of prior restraint to the Founding Fathers and noted that *The Progressive* is now under the longest prior restraint of any publication in history.

The Progressive's case is our case, and freedom, of course, has its price. The dollars-and-cents cost is the immediate one, and we suggest that all *Nation* readers contribute to *The Progressive* Legal Defense Fund, 408 W. Gorham St., Madison, Wisc. 53703.

JUDGE WATCH 7

Friend in Court

President Carter's choice of Michigan Federal District Judge Cornelia Kennedy for a new seat on the United States Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit may well provoke the first confirmation battle over the civil rights record of a Carter nominee to the Federal bench. The N.A.A.C.P. and other groups are expected to testify against Kennedy when the Senate Judiciary Committee meets to consider her appointment in late May.

A Federal judge since 1970, Kennedy was considered by both Presidents Nixon and Ford for the Supreme Court. And small wonder. On many important criminal procedure and civil liberties issues, Judge Kennedy has been one step ahead of the Burger Court in limiting constitutional protections. With the Burger Court, she shares an aversion to civil rights cases, tending to use any technicality available to throw out a complaint.

Even many of Kennedy's opponents acknowledge that she is a highly intelligent and capable jurist. At issue is whether Kennedy allows her conservative judicial philosophy to stand in the way of enforcing civil rights laws.

Much of the concern about Kennedy centers on her handling of a lawsuit brought by the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division in 1975 to desegregate elementary schools in the Ferndale school system outside Detroit. As the civil rights movement moved north in the late 1960s, Ferndale became an early testing ground. School authorities there had constructed and maintained a separate elementary school to siphon black students from another school just one half mile away, effectively creating a dual educational system. In 1969, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare initiated an administrative action which resulted in a cutoff of Federal funds to Ferndale schools—the first such cutoff imposed upon a segregated educational facility for violation of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Reviewing the history of the Ferndale school system, the H.E.W. hearing examiner concluded that "the school board's course of conduct for forty-four years has been consistently one of segregating the Negro children" residing in the district. When the Ferndale school system failed to rectify the situation even after Federal aid was withdrawn, the Justice Department took it to court.

Judge Kennedy's obstructionist maneuvers while presiding over this historic case have made her a symbol of Northern intransigence to integration. She first dismissed the Justice Department's complaint that local defendants had violated the Equal Educational Opportunities Act on the ground that the department failed to identify with sufficient specificity on whose behalf the complaint was being brought. Short of naming every black student and teacher, the complaint could not have been more specific, and the Sixth Circuit reversed Kennedy, finding the complaint to be "abundantly clear."

The court also criticized Kennedy's refusal to grant the Justice Department's request for a preliminary injunction ordering the Ferndale school district to develop and implement a desegregation plan. The Circuit Court observed that the Justice Department complaint offered "considerable evidence" of intentional segregation and that token efforts taken by Ferndale authorities to desegregate did not offset the irreparable harm the existing situation posed to black students.

The Circuit Court ordered Kennedy to hear the Ferndale case on the merits, and to proceed to trial expeditiously so that the issues could be resolved before the start of the next school year. Defiantly, Kennedy waited until the full sixty days allowed by the Appellate Court had expired before commencing trial.

In her decision, Judge Kennedy managed to find that Ferndale's dual educational program did not amount to intentional segregation. Her ruling, now on appeal, leaves the existing system intact. Given the historical isolation of black students within the Ferndale schools and the strong case presented by the Justice Department, many civil rights lawyers fear that Kennedy's decision in the case could paralyze efforts to enforce integration of public schools.

Why would Carter seek to elevate Cornelia Kennedy to the Circuit Court? After all, her record would scarcely seem to exhibit the kind of "demonstrated commitment to equal justice" Carter himself has set forth as a criterion for selection of Federal judges.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It would be wrong to attribute the Kennedy appointment to Carter's undertaking to put more women on the judiciary. A source close to the screening panel that recommended candidates for the Sixth Circuit informs us that another woman, Federal District Judge Patricia Boyle, actually received the highest rating of the names submitted to the Justice Department, and that Kennedy finished a weak fourth. Further, it is known that the screening panel instructed its chairman, Wilson Wyatt, to report these rankings to Attorney General Griffin Bell.

What appears to have happened is that Bell, a longtime friend of Judge Kennedy, boosted her from fourth to first place. According to *The Detroit News*, Bell had wanted Kennedy appointed to a previous vacancy on the Sixth Circuit early in the Administration, and when that judgeship went to black District Judge Damon Keith, Carter promised that Kennedy could get the next opening.

There is a certain irony in Bell's enthusiasm for Kennedy, who is a Republican. The Attorney General has made a point of saying that he is "not engaged in an affirmative action program to appoint Republicans." It is also revelatory of Bell's approach to judge selection that he should push for Cornelia Kennedy while simultaneously supporting the appointment of Federal District Judge Frank Johnson, as well as others with distinguished civil rights records, to Circuit judgeships. Apparently, simple friendship can still count for more than simple justice.

DOROTHY J. SAMUELS and JAMES A. GOODMAN

Dorothy J. Samuels is executive director and James A. Goodman is the Washington representative of the Committee for Public Justice, a national civil liberties organization. The monitoring of Federal judge selection is a joint undertaking of the committee and The Nation.

ARTICLES.

MAYOR KOCH & THE RACISTS

Black and Blue In New York

FRED POWLEDGE

The big issue in race relations in New York City these days—if all one knows is what one reads in one's white-run newspapers—is whether or not Mayor Edward Koch is a racist. A sub-issue is whether Koch's alleged racism is exemplified by his alignment with the police and other traditionally anti-black forces in a dispute with a black criminal court judge who released without bail, pending a court appearance, a defendant accused of attacking a policeman.

It is an absurd argument because the black judge, Bruce McM. Wright, was completely within the law in making the bail decision, and because Mayor Koch, who once helped out a bit during the Southern civil rights struggle, is not a conscious racist by any reasonable definition. It is a dangerous argument because it helps to mask a problem that is not at all absurd: the fact that blacks in New York City, a town that long has considered itself an outpost of humane liberalism, are subjected to a terrible double standard of justice that is at least as bad as anything from the South in the 1960s.

Not only does the double standard preclude blacks from getting a fair piece of what even Richard Nixon recognized as "the action"; it also encourages and enables most of the city's white community to continue to ignore blacks and their problems. This ignorance is compounded daily by the white-owned and -operated daily press and broadcast media; by Koch's arrogance and insensitivity toward blacks and, perhaps most important, by what in New York has become a traditional disinclination by blacks to produce strong leaders of their own and to use the vote to get what they want. One of the biggest disappointments of recent history is that American blacks, who spread the wildfire of self-proclaimed freedom to dozens of other groups, from women to Italians to adoptees, are themselves prospering least from the movement they started. And in places like New York City, they are prospering least of all.

All this has been going on quite some time, of course, and it is anything but a surprise to New York blacks, and to whites who feel themselves part of their cause. But, like the rage that so many Northern blacks suffer, mostly in silence, it sometimes erupts into outrage that even the white media can't ignore. One such eruption followed a raid, last December 2, on a police station in Brooklyn by more than a thousand angry Hasidic and other orthodox Jews.

The rioters, upset over police handling of a Hasid's murder earlier that day, caused extensive physical damage to the 66th Precinct, freed several of their number who had been taken as prisoners by the police, and (according to policemen's claims that appear to be largely fabrications designed to protect their pensions) inflicted injuries on sixty-two cops.

The rioters received kid-glove treatment from the Police Department and from Mayor Koch (whose most frequent response to various demands has been "I will not be intimidated"). He went to the neighborhood and cajoled the rioters in Yiddish. The cops were obviously restrained by their higher-ups. There were only four arrests, and one of those was later thrown

Fred Powledge is a freelance writer who has published two books on race relations. His latest book, Journeys Through the South, *will be released this spring by Vanguard Press.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out. One man accused of causing $500 damage was fined half that much. Mayor Koch was intimidated very well.

The terrible irony of it all was not lost on New York blacks, and some of them said so following the riot. They knew that if they had done the same thing as the whites, they would have been decimated by the police. Herbert Daughtry, a Brooklyn minister and one of the few remaining street-level leaders in the black community, said that if blacks had raided a police station, "I have no doubt what would have happened. They would have been shot down."

It is not unusual for blacks to be shot down in New York City. The list of victims grows each year, and it is Mississippian in its horror. White city policemen, with a frequency that is tragic, blow off the heads of black children and adults and get away with it. One of them, who copped an insanity plea, spent a year in an institution and then tried to get out on the ground that he isn't insane. Last summer a black Brooklyn businessman, Arthur Miller, intervened in the arrest of his brother on a motor vehicle infraction. A fight ensued, and Miller somehow died in the patrol car on the way to the station house. A grand jury later absolved the police of any wrongdoing in the death, which was attributed to "asphyxia."

Mayor Koch had no direct control over those incidents, of course, but in matters where he has personally been involved he has shown himself to be less sensitive than many Alabama sheriffs from the old days. Last summer, the Reverend Daughtry, who has had problems with the Hasidic community in the ethnically mixed Crown Heights neighborhood, scheduled a rally near the headquarters of an orthodox group. But the police forbade the meeting because the state penal code prohibits the making of "unreasonable" noise within 100 feet of a religious service. Hundreds of cops showed up to make sure the blacks obeyed the law.

A couple of months later, Mayor Koch was leading a parade down the street where the Reverend Daughtry's church is situated. Sunday services were in progress. Daughtry and others went out to quote the penal code to the paraders (he says he had no idea that Koch was involved) and were given the usual treatment that New York City reserves for blacks. A "shoving match" either did or did not take place, depending on which account you believe; a black minister was briefly handcuffed, the parade went on, and Koch went into his "I will not be intimidated" routine. Later he implied strongly that he thought Daughtry was a racist. And worst of all, Koch since has demonstrated not a scintilla of understanding of the great need for tact and sensitivity that that situation called for, nor has he shown he comprehends the clear parallel between it and the Crown Heights incident.

It was about then that a lot of blacks started calling Koch a racist. Some others, who prefer to save that word for more special occasions, think that perhaps he's just not very bright when it comes to thinking about black people. Either way, this city of 1,668,115 blacks and 6,226,747 whites deserves better.

Mayor Koch should not bear all the blame for perpetuating the double standard, however. Part should fall on the downtown white media. Little in New York that passes for "justice" gets done without the attention and often intervention of the newspapers or television. Bureaucrats can push a welfare mother around endlessly, withholding a check or a child or a place to live, but if she gets three minutes on the evening television news show, doors will open and documents will be found. Even the increasingly trashy *New York Post* has, and often uses, the power to embarrass politicians and crucify bureaucrats when they need it.

The New York Times used to be pretty good at this, but lately it has virtually stopped covering the city, favoring instead the suburbanites and a few East Siders who buy big loudspeakers and imported drinking water and electric pasta-making machines. *Times* reporters, if they were allowed to, could report very well on what is happening to the city's blacks—and whites, also, for that matter—but the people who run the paper seem to prefer reporting more in keeping with *The Times*'s new self-image as a trendy place to read advertisements and recipes. Last February 2, *The Times* devoted less space to the Mayor's state of the city address than it gave to the matter of a terminally ill pony in Westchester County.

The Times has been playing the Koch versus Wright story as if it somehow embodied all the city's problems with race relations—when, of course, it is only a tiny and relatively unimportant manifestation of them. Koch, along with the spokesman for the reactionary Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, attacked Judge Wright after Wright had decided that bail would not be necessary to insure the court appearance of the man who was accused of slashing the throat of a decoy cop. Judge Wright based his decision, as provided by state law, on a conclusion that there was little danger the accused would skip town. The policemen's union spokesman called Wright "Hitler," Koch called the action "bizarre" and assorted other components of the city's broken-down system of criminal justice expressed outrage, presumably of the mock variety.

But Judge Wright surprised everybody and made them madder by fighting back publicly. One comment, that the city police have a "license to hunt down blacks and kill them with impunity," really got the politicians and cops excited, even though it is patently true, and they, above all people, know it is true.

The newsprint and air time and political rhetoric would be much more wisely invested in meaningful investigations of New York's sorry race relations. What is truly bizarre, for example, not to mention somewhat Hitlerian, is the degree to which blacks are excluded from positions of leadership and power in city agencies, among Mayor Koch's advisers and on the police force. As of June 1978, only 8 percent of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sworn officers in that last agency were black. Of the total, 3.2 percent of the sergeants were black, along with 1.9 percent of the lieutenants and 1.4 percent of those ranked captain and higher. As of that same date, 17 percent of the sworn officers in Montgomery, Ala., the capital of the Old Confederacy, were black.

Mayor Koch's insensitivity—or his inability to comprehend the situation—is clearly demonstrated when he is asked about such matters as equal employment, which he translates into "reverse discrimination." Asked in an interview not long ago if he didn't think police-black relations would improve if more than 8 percent of the police were black, he replied: "My job is to make sure that there's no discrimination in any governmental action. I do not believe in preferential treatment, and I do not believe in quotas. Is that clear?" (On another occasion, Koch had asked for an end to the use of racial "code words.")

Pressed further on police discrimination, he tried to turn the question into a personal attack on the Police Commissioner, which it wasn't. He ended up speculating that there are "as many black racists as there are white racists, percentagewise," in the Police Department. (If the Mayor's arithmetic were correct, the force's black racists would be outnumbered 11.1 to 1, further proof of inequality among the ranks of what *The Daily News* still occasionally calls "New York's Finest.")

Another statistic the Mayor uses to demonstrate his compassion for less privileged New Yorkers is that 60 percent of the city's $13.5 billion budget "is directed toward helping the poor." A cynic, however (and that could well include anyone who has lived in New York long enough to see how the city runs), might wonder if a great part of the money budgeted for social services, health and education doesn't end up in the hands of an insolent, top-heavy and perpetually wasteful bureaucracy.

Much of the ongoing controversy over Koch and race might be academic if blacks registered and voted, but historically they have not gone to the polls in New York. When black candidates have appeared, many have been less than awe-inspiring. An example might be Bernard Gifford, whom the press is now quoting as a "black leader" in its coverage of the Koch/race story. Gifford ran a fairly dirty, and unsuccessful, campaign last summer against Brooklyn Congressman Fred Richmond; his credentials include employment at the Rand Corporation and the New York City Board of Education (where he was responsible for finances in an institution approximately as wasteful as the United States Army). He did not deny being a protégé of that great white leader, Senator Daniel P. Moynihan.

Mayor Koch appears to understand that he would react differently to blacks if they were more of a political force. Asked about this in an interview last December, he replied: "Of course city officials, myself included, respond to people and, I'm sure, with respect to how people vote, and I'm sure that that must have some impact upon you. I hope it doesn't have that impact on me. I suppose, in the recesses of your mind, it does."

DRAWINGS BY SIGNE WILKINSON

The Reverend Daughtry, who is *not* widely touted by the white press as a black leader, but who comes a lot closer to being one than Gifford, recognizes that "Part of our problem is we have not utilized the electoral process. An elected official does not have to respond to us in the same way he has to respond to other groups who are voting."

Why, then, don't blacks get involved? "People give different reasons," he said. "They say politics isn't responsive to them, or that it's a dirty game. Given those factors which make for a ghetto situation, people tend to want what provides immediate escape. At the top of their list would come religion. Politics comes way down the list."

The problem is, in a place like New York, where dozens of interest groups compete constantly for money and power, and where certain of them—the municipal unions, the banks, the realtors—have reaped enormous rewards from their intimidating tactics, politics is high on everybody's list, whether they want it there or not.

It might well be that black New Yorkers, many of whom came to the Big Apple because it was thought to be an island of racial peace and equality, want naturally to preserve that myth in their minds and therefore don't want to dirty their hands in the often grubby game of ethnic politics. But that may be their only salvation against a municipal government that proclaims itself far and wide as the very nemesis of racism—but that continues to condone and ignore and support the perpetual poverty of blacks, a clearly double standard of justice and the occasional slaughter of black children by temporarily insane white police officers. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCENARIOS FOR ARMAGEDDON

The Battle For Zimbabwe

ROBERT MANNING

The large turnout in the Rhodesian elections has been hailed as a victory for Ian Smith's "internal settlement" program, but the war for Zimbabwe goes on. The Carter Administration finds itself under increasing pressure from Smith supporters in Congress, who call for recognition of the new regime and the removal of economic sanctions. They portray the regime as an anti-Communist bastion in Africa and the continuing guerrilla war as a struggle between the West and the Soviet Union. The Carter Administration's policy of a negotiated settlement that includes the Patriotic Front guerrillas has become increasingly difficult to maintain under this domestic pressure and fears of another foreign-policy "defeat."

Despite the accolades for Rhodesia's recent elections, however, the procedure as well as the results are open to question. To begin with, they did not, as erroneously reported, represent "one man, one vote" in action. In fact, whites (4 percent of the population) got two votes each—one in the elections for the twenty-eight white Assembly seats and then one for the seventy-two African seats. Moreover, it is hard to see how elections could be deemed "free and fair" when 100,000 troops—in a nation with a population of 7 million—were needed to secure them, even though Rhodesia is under martial law, half a million voters live in barbed-wire encircled "protected villages" (i.e., strategic hamlets) and voters were not even required to register. Further tainting the outcome are the reports of intimidation and coercion by the private armies of Bishop Abel Muzorewa and the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, which herded thousands of villagers to the ballot box at gunpoint. In two provinces, Mashonaland Central and Mashonaland South, the voter turnout was in excess of 100 percent and in a third it was 94.4 percent, raising serious questions of legality. Even Sithole, who was defeated by Muzorewa in the race for Prime Minister, charged that there were "gross irregularities" and refused to accept the results until an official inquiry was held.

Another kind of irregularity was a secret donation of one million Rhodesian dollars to Muzorewa by South Africa. The money was funneled from the $74 million "Muldergate" slush fund. American officials say that in the weeks preceding the elections Pretoria made a major foreign policy decision to significantly step up military and economic support to provide Muzorewa's new Government with six or eight months to get off the ground. After the elections Muzorewa announced that he would accept massive South African aid, unless the United States supported his Government.

Still, Ian Smith and his black allies can boast a turnout of 63.9 percent. Whether the novelty of the spectacle, the fanfare associated with the new political process or weariness with the war and the coercion factor accounted for the high turnout, the figure does have credibility. Both teams of private observers from the American Conservative Union and the anti-Communist Freedom House judged the elections fair and returned to Washington to add fuel to the neo-conservatives' campaign for the lifting of sanctions. Even before the ballots were counted, Senator Jesse Helms, the North Carolina Republican who is kingpin of the "Rhodesia lobby," announced a renewed legislative drive for removal of sanctions against Rhodesia.

The Rhodesian upheaval has been mistakenly portrayed by the press as a "black-white race war." This simplistic notion serves only to obscure the complexities of the tragedy. In fact, as the battle for Zimbabwe unfolds, the crucial question has become which Africans shall govern the independent nation and in whose interest. This question Ian Smith, one of the more wily political tacticians of our time, grasps thoroughly. The Carter Administration, however, does not.

In their efforts to orchestrate a negotiated settlement, Carter and Ambassador Andrew Young tried to continue, with a facelift, the mediating efforts begun by Henry Kissinger. But the problem with President Carter's diplomacy, which is based on the concept of bringing all concerned parties around a conference table, is that it ignores fundamental conflicts of interest. The closer the various African groups get to the seat of power, the less willing to share that power they become. The enormously different visions of an independent Zimbabwe held by the Patriotic Front guerrillas, Robert Mugabe's ZANU and Joshua Nkomo's ZAPU, on the one hand, and the "internal settlement" leaders, Bishop Muzorewa and the Reverend Sithole on the other, and the bitterness between them, leave little hope for compromise. The Carter Administration has tacitly assumed that in the course of the negotiating process the radicalism of the Patriotic Front would be moderated. But as the conflict has intensified, it has become apparent that there is no middle ground.

In March last year, when Smith unveiled his version of black majority rule featuring Muzorewa, Sithole and tribal chief Jeremiah Chirau, the press trumpeted the alleged popularity of Muzorewa and Sithole, and Britain and the United States declined to condemn Smith's gambit. Critics pointed out that the substance of the accord permitted white veto power for at least a decade, giving whites 28 of 100 seats in

Robert Manning is a correspondent for the London-based monthlies New African, African Business, The Middle East *and Gemini News Service. He has written on foreign affairs for* The Los Angeles Times, Le Monde Diplomatique *and other publications.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parliament, one-fourth of all Cabinet seats and control of the military, police, judiciary and civil service, not to mention economy. Perhaps most ironically, when the new Constitution—the basis for the April elections—was approved in January, only whites were permitted to vote.

As the months passed, Smith's hopes that the internal accord would gain African support faded. Whatever credibility the internal black politicians had, steadily eroded as they became more identified with the white regime. Early claims by Muzorewa and Sithole that the "boys in the bush" would lay down their arms and come home proved little more than idle boasts. Instead, growing numbers of Africans voted with their feet, swelling the ranks of the guerrillas and the populations of refugee camps in Zambia, Botswana and Mozambique. Whites are leaving in record numbers—18,000 in 1978—with some estimates that up to 80,000 may leave by June.

On the ground, the battle for Zimbabwe has become increasingly brutal. The guerrillas have grown much bolder, as demonstrated by their bombing of Salisbury's main oil depot last December and shooting down of Rhodesian Viscount planes. The war is costing the Smith regime $1.2 million a day, and according to Smith's casualty figures, an African is killed every hour (800 a month). The war rages over 85 percent of the countryside. Large sections, particularly in the northeast and southeast, have fallen under de facto control of the ZANU guerrillas, who have done the bulk of the fighting. The guerrillas have begun to establish an administrative and political structure in these areas, and are attempting to restore health, education and other social services.

Against this backdrop, with the situation teetering on the edge of chaos, the Carter Administration finds itself torn between preserving its diplomatic credibility in Africa on the one hand and placating neoconservatives in Congress on the other. Perhaps no one is more aware of this than the wily, desperate Ian Smith. His last hope is to play "the American card," and thus prop up his shaky internal regime with external support. The scenario engineered by Smith and the Rhodesia lobby in Washington began back in October with Smith's controversial visit to Washington, which laid the groundwork for the current lobbying effort in Congress. Smith hopes to cash in on the growing anti-Soviet rumblings in the new, more conservative Congress. On his part, Carter is under pressure to accommodate conservatives in order to gain their support for SALT II.

Placing the Rhodesia issue in the cold-war context, as the Rhodesian lobby does, robs it of its African dimension. To portray the Patriotic Front as "Soviet-Cuban-backed Marxist terrorists" and the internal settlement as a moderate, Christian, pro-Western, multiracial alternative, is to couch the issues in American political terms. In fact, the Rhodesian whites are not seeking guarantees of free speech or civil liberties; they are guarding economic privileges which the internal accord leaves intact.

In recent months the internal settlement regime has made a number of moves designed to shore up its image, such as lifting "discriminatory" legislation, like the Land Tenure Act. But a State Department official told me that he "seriously doubted" that the legislative moves would make any substantial difference in the daily lives of 7 million Africans. A Rhodesian official conceded that legal discrimination would be replaced by "monetary discrimination."

Given the present American political climate and misperceptions of the Rhodesia conflict, such cosmetic measures may well sway opinion in Congress. Several key figures associated with the Rhodesia lobby, including Helms and Senator S.I. Hayakawa of California, who arranged Smith's visit to the United States, have been named to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Hayakawa is also on the Senate Africa subcommittee. Both are now in a stronger position to influence future American policy.

The State Department has remained silent on the elections just completed, awaiting the President's determination as to their fairness under the terms of the Case-Javits amendment, which holds that if Smith makes an effort in good faith to negotiate and if fair elections are held, then sanctions may be lifted. However, the fiscal 1980 appropriations bill earmarks $250,000 for opening a Rhodesian Embassy, "pending an internationally acceptable solution."

Ken Towsey of the Rhodesian Information Office in Washington says that he envisions a scenario in which the United States would normalize relations with the new regime after the elections. When asked if the regime would request American military aid, he said "that would be the prerogative of the new Government." The Rhodesians would like to pull the West in on their side, and the bombing raids in Mozambique, Zambia and Angola, and the commando attack on Nkomo's home last month were at least partly designed to internationalize the conflict.

The most obvious problem with the Rhodesia lobby's scenario is simply that the elections will not stop the war, which is expected to intensify. In that case, more ominous possibilities loom, ranging from South African intervention, which would draw in Cuban troops, to a possible civil war between ZANU and ZAPU, whose alliance has been tenuous at best Whatever the eventualities, they do not include the peaceful settlement that the Administration envisions.

In fact, given current trends, the likelihood grows of a descent into chaos. Internal factionalism grows, and Muzorewa and Sithole have set up private armies reportedly numbering 2,000 to 3,000 men recruited from the ranks of the unemployed. *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis wrote from Salisbury that, "the belief is that they are armed goon squads" apparently trying to terrorize the populace into support of their rival leaders. And of course, there is the internal regime's war effort which seems bent upon destroy-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the country in order to save it. But the potential schism within the Patriotic Front, which could erupt into a post-independence Angola-style civil war, poses perhaps the greatest threat in the long run. The quarrels between ZANU and ZAPU are a complex blend of ethnic, tactical and personality differences. Unlike in Angola, where the MPLA was clearly the only Marxist oriented group, while other factions embraced a narrower ethnic nationalism, both ZANU and ZAPU claim socialism as their goal.

One key source of ZANU-ZAPU tension is that Nkomo, who until very recently has been virtually the sole recipient of military and political support from the Soviet Union and its allies, has done very little fighting. Of some 12,000 guerrillas inside Zimbabwe, barely 2,000 are from ZAPU, even though Nkomo has some 10,000 well-trained troops and an impressive array of Soviet military hardware.

ZAPU has always had the closest ties to the Soviet bloc, while ZANU has been regarded as Maoist-oriented and received China's backing. But over the past year, following internal ZANU shake-ups which have consolidated Mugabe's position, there have been little-noticed but important changes in ZANU's foreign ties that may significantly alter the outcome of the conflict. Mugabe logged some 25,000 miles around the globe visiting the Soviet Union twice, Angola, Ethiopia and leading the first-ever ZANU delegation to Havana. The upshot of this diplomatic offensive appears to be that Soviet-allied states have become more evenhanded toward Zimbabwe. ZANU has formed ties with Cuba, and nationalist sources say that Castro has pledged that in the event of a ZANU-ZAPU conflict, Cuba would not intervene.

These ties are especially significant given the collapse of Western diplomacy and the fragmentation of the front-line African states (Angola, Botswana, Mozambique, Tanzania, Zambia), which had played a key role in negotiating efforts. It now appears that the Soviet Union, Cuba and/or Nigeria may be in the best position to play that role. The spectacle of Fidel Castro practicing shuttle diplomacy in Southern Africa would further exacerbate "we're number 2" sentiments in Washington, and put more pressure on Carter to get back to cold-war basics.

The Administration would prefer not to do this, and such top advisers as Zbigniew Brzezinski and Richard Moose have instead floated the trial balloon of American "disengagement" from Rhodesia. This would, proponents argue, neutralize criticism from the right at home and minimize damage to international credibility. It would also toss the hot potato back to Britain (still the legal colonial authority) or the United Nations. But the Administration still regards this as a last-ditch option and the desertion of a NATO ally in the midst of a major crisis.

The only other alternative is for the United States to announce a suspension of its diplomatic initiative until the concerned parties commit themselves to talks. This, however, would replace with inertia the bold activist policy symbolized by Andrew Young. Already, well-placed Nigerian sources feel that the United States' promise to deliver Smith has ended in abject failure. The accession to power of the Conservative Party in Britain could produce a British tilt toward the internal regime, but sources close to Margaret Thatcher rule out recognition of the Muzorewa Government, because of the dissension it would cause at the Commonwealth meeting on July 2.

Lost in the passion of the moment is simple rationality. Andrew Young has said that "the sooner the fighting stops and the trading starts, the sooner we win." He does not have an "inordinate fear" of the Patriotic Front's Marxist ideology because "the West has the capital, technology and markets for raw materials." Hence, whatever the political coloration of a Zimbabwe regime, it has to play ball with us. Young and other Administration Africanists cite the case of Angola, where Gulf Oil continues to operate under the Marxist MPLA. Cuban troops even guard Gulf's oil wells there, and Angola is negotiating contracts with a number of other American firms. Mugabe himself said recently that his party would want foreign investment on a partnership basis, and he has already met with Union Carbide representatives who have large mining interests in Zimbabwe.

The neo-conservatives' fears that a radical takeover would jeopardize access to vital raw materials is disputed by Assistant Secretary of State for Economic and Business Affairs Robert Hormats. Hormats believes that any Government in Southern Africa would value "areas of comparative economic advantage" over ideological abstractions. Some analysts argue that a Marxist government in Zimbabwe might even be more avid to sell raw materials on the world market to finance social welfare and reform programs at home.

Those who see Africa in cold-war terms raise the specter of Soviet expansionism, but the latter's failures in Egypt, Ghana, Somalia and more recently in Guinea suggest the opposite—that gains in Soviet influence have been at best ephemeral. The same cold warriors who now cite Soviet and Cuban intervention in Angola and Ethiopia made the same claims about Somalia's adventurism only two years ago and the "threat" of Egypt under Nasser in the 1960s.

The increasingly pluralistic nature of global power has made such standard cold-war formulations obsolete. American policy should be grounded upon a lucid definition of tangible American interests, not exaggerated fears of Soviet expansionism or a Wilsonian mission to reshape the world in the American image. The failure fully to grasp the precise nature of African nationalism and fashion policy accordingly has drawn American policy into its present quagmire. When Brzezinski says that disaster for United States Rhodesian policy will come, "when white nuns being raped by black guerrillas wearing red stars on their armbands start appearing on nightly television news," he betrays his preoccupation with domestic political considerations. The real problem is Ameri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ca's refusal to accept the new global pluralism, and deal with each regional conflict on its own unique terms. □

HOW THE ALMIGHTY HAS FALLEN

The Decline And Fall of The Dollar

WENDY COOPER

Last November 1, President Carter announced a "dollar support package" whose essential ingredients—high interest rates, budgetary "restraint" and foreign borrowing—were supposed to pull the American currency out of a tailspin that was threatening to cause a worldwide financial panic.

As the Administration had hoped, the exchange markets quieted down, the dollar rallied slightly and Government economists began to issue confident-sounding predictions that the easing of inflation coupled with the long-awaited price effects of the dollar's steady depreciation would improve the country's trade balance, and thus would considerably strengthen the beleaguered greenback. But if you remain as bothered and bewildered as ever about why the value of the dollar in your pocket continues to dwindle—take heart: you've developed a healthy skepticism.

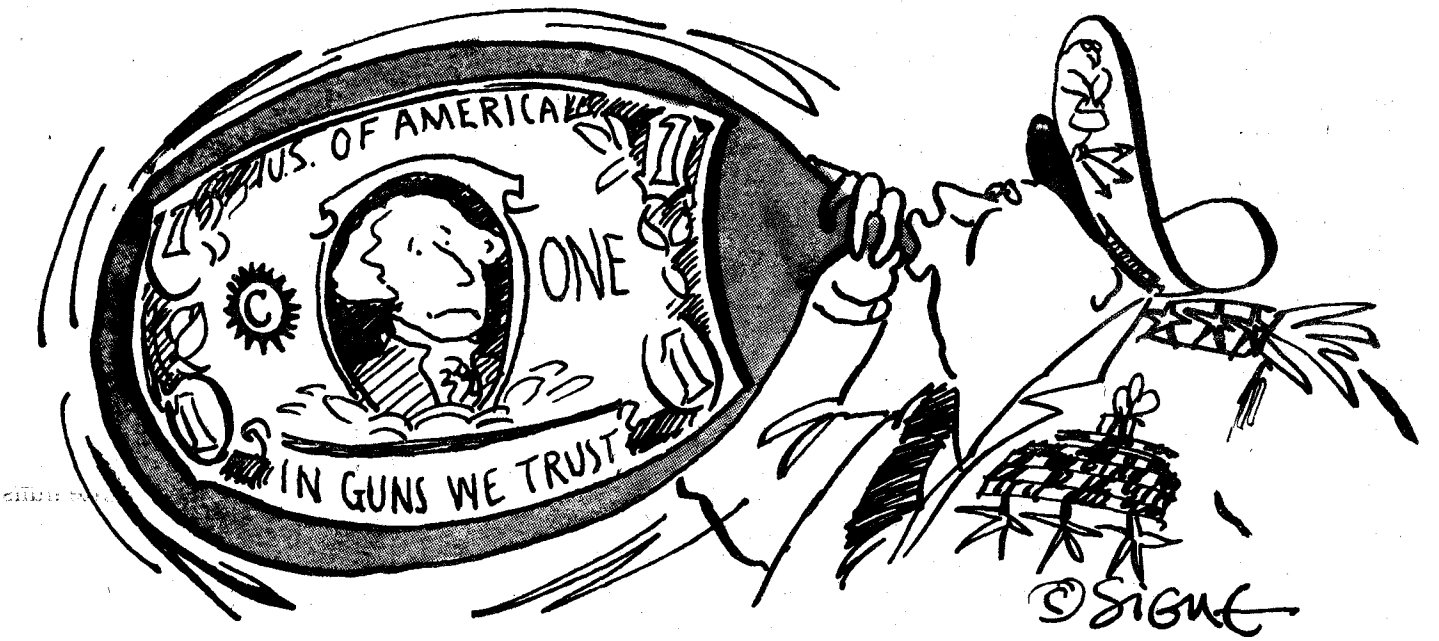
The measures of last November are just another example of the kind of cosmetic surgery that the United States financial authorities have been resorting to for most of this decade. Such measures put a good face on a currency whose role has been largely played out, at the expense of the poor, the old and other powerless groups in society.

The "decline of the dollar" both reflects and symbolizes the erosion of America's global potency as a nation-state. Conversely, it mirrors the rise in the manipulative abilities of the multinational corporation, whose managers, as Richard Barnet and Ronald Muller wrote in *Global Reach*, "are the first in history with the organization, technology, money and ideology to make a credible try at managing the world as an integrated unit."

As the dollar has declined, so too has a sense of order in the international economy. The future composition of the international financial system through which that economy functions is far from clear, and the instability this uncertainty gives rise to is acute. For few would now dispute the conclusion reached by economist Charles P. Kindleberger in his study of *The World in Depression, 1929-1939* that an international monetary system dominated by one country and one currency tends to a more stable world economy.

For most of the last thirty-five years, the United States and its dollar have played that crucial role. The dollar emerged as the linchpin of the system contrived at Bretton Woods, N.H., after World War II. Its pre-eminence was based upon the dominant position of the United States itself in world trade, finance and politics at that time. National currencies were tied to the dollar which, in turn, was tied to gold (the United States held most of the world's gold reserves), and the Federal Reserve became the de facto central bank for the entire capitalist world. Paper dollars acted as I.O.U.s for gold or American goods. And as long as people wanted to buy American goods with their dollars—accumulated through American aid,

Wendy Cooper is a reporter for The Journal of Commerce, *specializing in international trade.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

private investment and military spending—the system worked well.

The trouble really began—and with it the roots of the dollar's decline—in 1958 when the United States' balance of payments (the tabulation of the country's total credits and debts) went into deficit. The basic cause of the problem was the outflow of capital—although it was some time before it began to look like a problem at all.

After the war, in order to develop the markets that could absorb the fruits of America's enormous productive capacity, American capital had to help rebuild the European and Japanese economies. Marshall Plan aid was the first expression of that need. It was followed by an ever-growing outward flow of private capital. In the early 1960s, close to $4 billion a year was leaving this country for foreign investment, more than 40 percent of it to Western Europe.

In time, the war-ravaged economies of Europe and Japan recovered. Because they had been forced to start from scratch, their plant and equipment were newer, and frequently better, than those of the United States. Japanese and Western European goods steadily encroached on the American market.

Compounding the threat of foreign competition was the decline in productivity in American factories between 1965 and 1970 to a rate of growth that was only half that between 1960 and 1965. These developments provided a considerable impetus for American capital to move abroad—and a lot did. This in turn hurt the competitiveness of goods produced in the United States.

The rapidly growing dependence of American-based corporations on their foreign operations can be demonstrated by just a couple of figures. In 1966, their foreign income was only 24 percent of domestic income. But by 1970—which was, incidentally, a recession year in the United States—foreign income jumped to 44 percent of domestic income. As the Senate Finance Committee noted at the time, as long as business cycles were out of phase, as they were in 1970, the multinational corporation "could insulate itself, by geographical diversification, from the vicissitudes of recession in any one country or region."

The result of the flight to multinationalism was that American corporations were producing goods abroad in competition with American exports. According to economist Harry Magdoff, American manufacturing firms located abroad now are selling almost three times as much as is being exported from the United States. Foreign investment does, of course, yield a return. In fact, in the 1960s, repatriated profits were twice as large as the annual outflow. But this does not mean, as some would argue, that they reduce the balance of payments deficit, since they may be spent on imports. Moreover, without foreign investment, domestically produced exports might have been greater.

The United States' balance of payments deficit continued through the 1960s. These deficits were covered by flooding the banks of the rest of the capitalist world of dollars which, under the Bretton Woods system, had to be accepted as if they were as good as gold. But this increased the number of dollars floating around Europe—otherwise known as "Eurodollars." The supply of Eurodollars became almost as large as, if not larger than, the narrowly defined money supply within the United States itself. Last November, *The Wall Street Journal* estimated that there was more than $500 billion on deposit outside this country.

These vast hoards of "stateless" dollars constitute an enormous force for instability in the international monetary system. They have already been used to finance a variety of speculations, and their sheer size and volatility further erode the dollar's status as a unit of value. In fact, the credibility of that status was already being questioned throughout the 1960s. Continued balance of payments deficits meant that the gap between dollars held abroad and gold reserves backing them in the United States was steadily widening. Foreigners exhibited a growing tendency to cash in their accumulated dollar reserves for gold—and American gold reserves dropped (by more than $5 billion between 1960 and 1965).

The forces eating away at the dollar were complex and slow-acting. But if any one event could be singled out as a culprit, it was the war in Vietnam. No one was prepared to pay the price in increased taxes or reduced real wages for engaging in a $200 billion war in Indochina. Instead, the Federal Reserve printed money—with devastating inflationary consequences. Excessive expenditure on the military failed to stimulate sufficient domestic investment to meet the heated-up domestic demand that was fueled by the money-printing policy. Nor did it enhance the competitiveness of American exports. Meanwhile, the world watched the failure of American military might in Indochina. As political economist Mary Kaldor and others have observed, American power was the only real guarantee that the United States could honor its dollar I.O.U.s after the currency's purchasing power began to fall, and it was subject to rising doubts.

In 1971—the year of the first American trade deficit in the twentieth century (imports exceeded exports by $2 billion)—the first of several tinkerings with the international monetary system took place. The dollar's convertibility to gold was ended. And what President Nixon called "the most significant monetary agreement in the history of the world" was reached at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. The agreement devalued the dollar by 8 percent against gold and revalued the German mark by 5 percent and the Japanese yen by 8 percent.

The dollar devaluation made American exports cheaper and foreign imports more expensive in the United States, but it also caused every country that held quantities of dollars in its reserves to suffer heavy losses—and was thus a crippling blow to the status of the dollar as a reserve currency. Central banks abroad became more reluctant to hold dol-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lars—particularly when the dollar was no longer convertible into gold. Nor did Nixon's "most significant monetary agreement" last very long. The United States deficit continued to deteriorate; in February 1973 the dollar was devalued by a further 10 percent and by January 1974 all the European currencies were "floating" against the dollar.

The international economy has functioned ever since within what is, in effect, a "nonsystem" of floating exchange rates. In theory this system is self-correcting. The dollar will float down until it finds an equilibrium price at which exports balance with imports and, if exports should exceed imports, the dollar will float up again—helped by the intervention of speculators who will bid the dollar down if it rises above its equilibrium price and up if it slips below.

But, over the long run, the depreciation of the dollar has actually fed domestic inflation which, in turn, has further weakened the dollar. As the dollar has slumped, the cost of imports to the United States has risen. At the same time, many domestic manufacturers—notably the steel and auto industries—have taken advantage of higher prices for competing imports to raise their own prices.

The United States' balance of payments sinks into ever deeper deficits (a record $30 billion last year), and these deficits drive down the dollar. Payments for imports outstrip income from exports, leading to a huge outflow of essentially unwanted dollars.

Meanwhile, despite the measures of last fall, the behavior of the foreign exchange markets still basically reflects a lack of confidence in the Carter Administration's ability to control the fate of the dollar. In effect, as Magdoff has pointed out, big dollar-holders overseas are faced with an acute dilemma. Too fast or large a sale of their dollar holdings could drive foreign-exchange markets to the crisis point and undermine the reserves on which their stability rests. On the other hand, they hold vast dollar reserves and live in fear that their assets will prove absolutely worthless when other dollar holders, or speculators, start selling. In fact, as *Business Week* noted recently, diversification out of dollars and into German marks, Swiss francs and yen is assuming "massive" proportions—pushing the value of the dollar down still further over time and transforming the international financial order into a multicurrency system.

The Europeans, led by West Germany, are going ahead with their proposed European Monetary System. But the formation of "currency blocs" could threaten the free flow of trade and capital, the very pillars of economic prosperity in the West in the postwar period. The traditional structure of world trade is already in flux. If the third world—despite OPEC's example—has failed to achieve its demands for better and stabilized raw material prices, it has shown much greater success over the long term in penetrating the markets for industrial goods that were once the exclusive preserve of the developed economies.

The multinationals' pursuit of cheap labor in South Korea, Taiwan and parts of Latin America has ultimately meant that textiles, electronic components and other labor-intensive products from these regions are on the United States market.

All this burgeoning third-world strength, moreover, essentially rests on flimsy underpinnings—about $100 billion in borrowed money. And that debt is financed to a considerable degree by Eurodollar reserves accumulated by the multinationals. Eurodollar loans have been used to finance the kind of speculation that led to the collapse of the Franklin National Bank in the spring of 1974.

It further appears that speculation may have been at work in the dollar's recent, and alarming, tailspin, which reached a crisis point last year. The Justice Department is currently investigating the foreign-exchange trading activities of a number of major American banks to determine whether the banks violated antitrust laws by conspiring to manipulate the value of the dollar in order to profit from its fluctuations. The investigation appears to be an outgrowth of charges made last year by David Edwards, a former assistant vice president at Citibank, that the big New York banks had violated currency controls and tax laws in several European countries. According to Edwards, the banks reap a profit by borrowing large amounts of dollars, selling them in exchange for other currencies to push the dollar's value down, then buying the dollars back a few days later at the new reduced rate. The loan is paid off with cheaper dollars, and the difference is the banks' profit.

As business thrashes about for explanations for the dollar's decline and its related phenomena, inflation and the trade deficit, it has come up most often with three scapegoats: OPEC "greed," the "laziness" of the American working class and Federal spending. None of them, however, stands up to much close scrutiny.

If the jump in oil prices and heavy dependence on oil imports were decisive influences on the value of a country's currency, we might expect the Japanese yen and the German mark to have crumbled; 92 percent of Japan's total energy requirements and 67 percent of West Germany's are traditionally met by oil imports—compared with only 23 percent for the United States. While it seems very likely that the burden of higher oil prices has worsened an already bad situation, the solidity of the yen and the mark and the statistics showing that the oil-exporting countries have been returning more dollars to the United States than they have been receiving for their oil shipments belie the charge that huge expenditures on imported oil are the principal cause of the dollar's downfall.

The second explanation rests on the contention that United States exports are lagging because American industry is becoming less competitive on account of worker laxity and lowered productivity. But it should by now be clear that any decline in the competitiveness of American exports has considerably more to do

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the long-term practices of multinational corporations than with lazy workers. Furthermore, more than half of the United States' manufacturing exports, traditionally, are capital goods. Because of their sluggish recovery from recession, the advanced capitalist nations have too much industrial capacity, which has dampened the demand for such exports. Nor has protectionism—particularly in the European Economic Community—helped matters.

Finally, reduced Federal spending—"less Government"—has been held out as a general panacea. Significantly, such demands for austerity usually exempt the Pentagon. But, as Seymour Melman and others have argued, the defense industry is the focal point of institutionalized inflation. The Administration's current strategy of high interest rates assumes that prices are set mainly by supply and demand factors in the "free" marketplace. If the cost of borrowing is more expensive, it is assumed that people will buy less and prices will fall. It is further assumed that, if firms are confronted with a shrinking marketplace, they'll strive to compete better by cutting costs and prices. But, says Melman, cost minimizing has become increasingly difficult as capital and technology have flowed into the military industry, thus slowing the growth in civilian industrial productivity. The Administration now proposes to encourage this development by increasing the military budget by $11.3 billion. Meanwhile, Federal spending in other sectors is to be held stable or actually cut.

And the declining dollar? Measures such as those Carter announced last November are at best palliatives. They merely slow the decline, while next to nothing is being done to treat the deep-seated structural ills of the American economy. At the heart of the dollar's decline are the actions of multinational corporations. But these global manipulators are the last to bear its cost. Instead, the price is paid by the most hapless victims of a crumbling international monetary order—those whose welfare payments will be docked in the name of a war on inflation, and working people generally, who are most intimately affected by inflation in the four key sectors of housing, health, food and energy, where inflation is most rampant. □

Nuclear Power

(Continued From Front Cover)

was defeated last November when he ran for reelection as Governor of New Hampshire. Thomson's public support had dropped significantly after he approved a 17 percent utility rate hike in order to help finance the embattled Seabrook nuclear power plant.

Since 1957, when the first United States reactor began producing electricity at Shippingport, Pa., the economics of nuclear power have been mixed. One of the successful ventures, Northeast Utilities' Connecticut Yankee plant, cost only $189 per kilowatt of capacity and has operated at 73 percent of capacity for more than nine years. At the time, a standard coal plant similar in size to the Connecticut Yankee project produced energy at $150 per kilowatt.

There are, however, frightening cases of economic failure. For example, the construction cost of the Pilgrim nuclear plant near Plymouth Rock increased from $65 million in 1966 to $239 million in 1972—nearly four times the original estimate. These cost overruns resulted in upping the per kilowatt price from $98 to $360.

But comparing current successes and failures is not the crux of the nuclear debate; the real issue is whether nuclear power will become economical in the future. And, looking ahead, it is increasingly difficult to predict that it will. Since the Connecticut Yankee went on line in 1969, capital costs have increased six times, the price of the fuel has more than quadrupled, fuel enrichment costs have skyrocketed and, inasmuch as no satisfactory means of waste disposal has yet been found, that cost is still unknown.

To arrive at a true balance sheet for nuclear power, the hidden costs, those subsidized by the Government, must be included. Government subsidies have been, and remain, essential to the nuclear power industry. In 1952, David Lilienthal, the first chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, outlined the risks associated with nuclear power and stated: "I wouldn't advise anybody who is responsible for private investment under present conditions to put his money or the money of those who rely on him into the development of power plants employing nuclear fission as a source of heat." The infant industry needed a cushion, and the Government obliged with a series of acts designed to encourage nuclear power development.

First, Congress approved the Price-Anderson legislation of 1957, relieving the nuclear industry of any liability problems arising from the risks of catastrophe associated with nuclear power generation. Second, the Government began pumping billions of dollars into nuclear research and development. Third, the Government subsidized, or permitted the industry to ignore, the costs of constructing fuel enrichment facilities, of regulation, of waste disposal and health costs associated with increased environmental radiation. A recent study by the Battelle Institute for the Department of Energy conservatively estimates that the industry has received at least $18 billion in Government subsidies. If this sum had been allocated equally over the cumulative output of nuclear plants since 1957, the cost per kilowatt-hour of nuclear electricity would have risen approximately 2 cents, a 95 percent increase. And even this estimate ignores the expenses of the Price-Anderson insurance legislation and of Federal uranium policies.

Richard Munson was the national coordinator for Sun Day and currently serves as director of Solar Lobby in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Disregarding the subsidies, nuclear proponents tend to focus only on the capital needed to build and fuel a nuclear reactor. But over the past few years, these costs alone have zoomed to the point that Donald Cook, chairman of American Electric Power, the largest utility in the United States, commented, "an erroneous conception of the economics of nuclear power" sent utilities "down the wrong road. The economics never materialized—and never will materialize."

Nuclear construction costs are increasing so rapidly that accurate estimates are difficult to make. In 1967, the A.E.C. predicted that reactors would cost $134 per kilowatt of generating capacity. By 1976, construction expenses increased to as much as $645 per kilowatt and current estimates are approximately $1,000 per kilowatt. One official of the Atomic Industrial Forum, a trade association, noted, "estimating capital costs for power plants is like shooting at a moving target."

According to Richard Morgan of the Environmental Action Foundation, "the dramatic increase in nuclear construction costs cannot be explained by inflation; since 1964, nuclear costs have increased more than ten times faster than the Consumer Price Index. Nor can rising costs in the construction industry be responsible; the cost of building an oil refinery has increased only one-tenth as fast as the cost of a nuclear reactor, and coal-fired plants have increased less than half as fast."

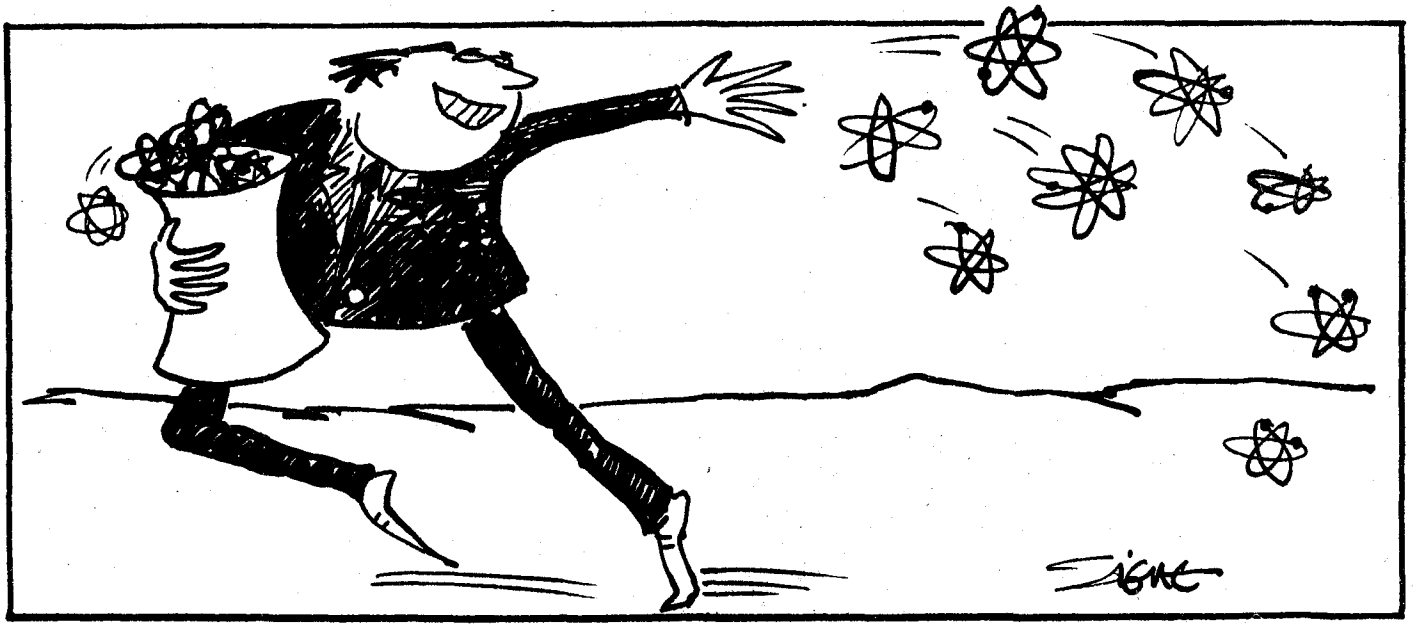
The only satisfactory explanation for these skyrocketing costs is that nuclear reactors are dangerous and complex. The utilities have often caused themselves expensive delays by not complying with Federal safety regulations. In 1973, for example, twenty-nine of the thirty completed reactors were held up because of unsafe equipment or plant design. Physicist Amory Lovins estimates that nuclear power requires a total investment of $3,000 per kilowatt of net, usable delivered electric power. In other words, the power for a single 100-watt bulb requires a $300 investment. Projected nuclear growth in the United States through the year 2000 could absorb more than one-fourth of the nation's entire net capital investment. Such extensive use of scarce capital is coming under increased attack.

Utilities also tend to ignore the costs on the opposite side of the construction process: the decommissioning of a nuclear plant. Some executives admit that dismantling a large reactor could cost $100 million; but even that may be optimistic. Elk River, a small experimental reactor in Minnesota, was dismantled for $6.9 million—almost $1 million more than it cost to build the plant. (Since Elk River was dismantled after only a few years, inflation was not a major factor.) The costs of decommissioning the contaminated plant at Three Mile Island over the next four or five years are as yet incalculable.

Not only are nuclear plants expensive to build and raze; they also produce far less electricity than was anticipated. On average, nuclear plants have delivered less than three-fourths of the electricity they were designed to produce. The power stations cannot run constantly at full capacity; they must close for at least a few weeks each year for maintenance, refueling or repairs. In addition, some plants are required to operate at reduced capacity for safety or environmental reasons.

Reactor manufacturers and the A.E.C. had promised utilities that nuclear plants would operate at 80 percent of capacity. A 1976 study by the Council on Economic Priorities found that on the average the plants have run at only 59 percent of capacity. In other words, the nation's nuclear plants have been out of service more than 40 percent of the time, about twice the outage rate planned for by the utilities. By contrast, coal-fired plants ran at 75 percent of capacity.

The champions of nuclear energy prefer to slide over high capital costs and low performance, and to



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emphasize instead the low fuel costs. And, indeed, in 1973 a pound of refined uranium oxide, or "yellowcake," which sold for $7, could produce as much electricity as 2.5 tons of coal costing about $20 a ton.

But by 1978, the cost of a pound of yellowcake had reached $52. Despite considerable prospecting, no significant new uranium deposit has been discovered in the United States since 1965. Therefore, since mining companies must extract lower quality ores, the cost of yellowcake will continue to rise. At approximately $100 per pound, uranium fuel loses its once touted advantage over coal or oil.

There are, of course, overseas sources, but these are creating some of the conditions that now plague the petroleum market. In 1972, several uranium mining firms met secretly in Johannesburg, South Africa, to "discuss ways and means of assuring an adequate price for uranium." The group, dubbed "UPEC" by nuclear critics, held subsequent meetings in Paris, Toronto and Chicago.

The cost of the nuclear fuel cycle does not stop at the mines. For use in a reactor, the active fuel within yellowcake must be enriched from 1 to 3 percent. Enrichment, an energy-intensive and expensive technology, has more than doubled in price since 1973. The Government's three enrichment plants cost billions of dollars to build in the 1940s and 1950s and use more than 2 percent of the nation's total consumption of electricity.

Thus, to conserve uranium supplies and avoid expensive enrichment, nuclear proponents have pushed for recycling or reprocessing projects. In theory, reprocessing would recover 25 percent of a reactor's spent fuel. Unfortunately, the process has not worked, and the attempts to make it work are getting more expensive. In 1976, Nuclear Fuel Services abandoned its West Valley, N.Y. plant after learning that necessary alterations would cost approximately $600 million (twenty times the plant's original cost). In the same year, General Electric abandoned its Morris, Ill. reprocessing plant rather than spend the additional $100 million needed to make it work. The only current attempt to set up a commercial reprocessing plant is being made by Allied General Nuclear Services at Barnwell, S.C. It was to have been completed in 1974 at a cost of $100 million, but the estimate now is approximately $750 million. *The Wall Street Journal* labeled the Barnwell plant "one of the biggest white elephants of the nuclear age."

Along with reprocessing, the nuclear industry faces the technical and economic problems of radioactive wastes. To date, no acceptable method of long-term disposal has been devised and temporary Government storage facilities are inadequate. According to the Environmental Protection Agency, "even assuming the technical capability exists to insure total containment for the hazardous lifetime of the nuclear wastes, the cost of implementing the means to contain these wastes is enormous." As an example, the Department of Energy estimates that the price for safe disposal of 500,000 gallons of highly ra dioactive waste could come to more than half a billior dollars.

Not surprisingly, the rapidly inflated price of nu clear power construction, operation and fuel cycle i being translated into higher utility rates. The Envi ronmental Action Foundation and the Critical Mas Energy Project have analyzed the rates of the 10(largest electric companies between 1973 and 197 and have found that those firms with 5 percent o more of nuclear generating capacity increased thei rates 27 percent more than did firms withou reactors.

But despite the poor economic outlook, some utilities and manufacturers are strongly urging further nuclear development. This peculiar phenomenon can be explained by the peculiar nature of power company operations. As regulated monopolies, electric utilities are not subject to the normal pressures of competition. State regulatory commissions attempt to set rates that are designed to cover a utility's operating costs *plus* a profit on its investment comparable to the profits earned by competitive business with similar risks. The size of the profit depends on the size of the utility's investment; the larger the investment, the larger its profits. Thus, utilities have a built-in motive to overbuild their plants and to adopt expensive (capital-intensive) technologies like nuclear power.

Current regulatory measures also make it easier for utilities to finance expensive investment in nuclear energy. Until recently, investor-owned utilities, like all profit-making businesses, had to borrow money to finance new equipment. Some commissions, however, are allowing utilities to increase their rates in order to gain the necessary capital. A procedure called "construction work in progress" or C.W.I.P. allows utilities to include power facilities that are under construction in their rate bases. The result is an approximate 15 percent increase in electric rates and a further boost for utility profits.

In addition, Federal tax laws encourage a utility to go nuclear. Like other private businesses, utilities annually receive billions of dollars in tax breaks for investing in new equipment. But an obscure Federal tax code allows power companies to keep their tax savings rather than pass them on to consumers. The Environmental Action Foundation found that in 1976 utilities collected from their customers $2.1 billion in "phantom taxes" that they never paid to the Government. The more money a utility invests in construction, the more phantom taxes it can collect. And nuclear power plants are the most expensive investment a utility can make.

Fortunately, the alternatives to nuclear power are beginning to gain increased attention, even from economists. According to Denis Hayes of the Worldwatch Institute, "dollar for dollar, investments to increase energy efficiency save more than expenditures on new power plants will produce." Hayes believes that, without decreasing the standard of living, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States can decrease its total energy consumption almost 50 percent by eliminating energy waste.

Current economic studies of price increases also show that coal-fired plants are competitive with nuclear reactors. In 1976, for example, the Congressional Research Service predicted that then-planned coal-fired and nuclear plants would produce electricity at approximately the same cost. After a thorough economic review in 1976, Harvard economist Irvin Bupp stated, "The only way you can conclude nuclear power will be cheaper eight to ten years from now is to make systematically optimistic assumptions about nuclear costs and be systematically pessimistic about coal." And after evaluating the operating records of existing nuclear plants, the Council on Economic Priorities predicted that, for most of the nation, new coal-fired plants would produce cheaper electricity than new reactors.

Solar energy is also becoming more attractive. Unlike fossil and nuclear fuels, sunlight cannot be exhausted, and since it can be used in decentralized facilities, the high costs of shipping conventional fuels and transmitting power could be eliminated (transmission and distribution today account for approximately 70 percent of the cost of providing electricity to the average residence in the United States).

In January 1978, the Department of Energy found that solar water and space heating was competitive with nuclear electricity and fuel oil in the four cities studied: Boston, Washington, Grand Junction, Colo., and Los Angeles. With the approval of solar tax credits, the study indicates that solar power is likely to be marginally competitive with natural gas.

The most exciting solar application is the photovoltaic cell that converts sunlight directly into electricity. Designed for the space program, the first solar cells were expensive—approximately $200 per peak watt in the late 1950s. Further research has brought the price down to $6 per peak watt. If a demand were created great enough to permit mass production, researchers believe the cost would drop even more dramatically. A recent United Nations report, for example, concludes that solar cells will become cheaper than nuclear power (approximately $1 per peak watt) if they receive a total investment of $1 billion—less than the cost of just one large nuclear plant.

The potential from other renewable sources is also significant. The Army Corps of Engineers recently estimated that adding turbines to existing small-scale dams would economically generate as much electricity as the United States currently receives from nuclear power. And as businesses and small entrepreneurs turn their attention to wind and biomass technologies, the price of solar energy will continue to drop.

According to a recent Federal task force, solar sources could produce up to 30 percent of total United States energy by the year 2000. This level is more than is now contributed by natural gas, more than by coal and nuclear power combined, and more than by our imported oil.

Citizens' groups around the country are beginning to master the complexities of energy economics. In addition to complaining about reactor safety, ratepayers are demanding that their state utility commissions investigate the wisdom of nuclear investments. The authority that utility commissions exercise over nuclear power varies according to state laws. Some of them control utility financing and could refuse the company permission to issue stocks and bonds for nuclear construction. Most commissions must also issue licenses before a utility can build any major new power facility. Before granting a license, the commissions must evaluate whether the plant is the most economical way to generate the needed electricity. In July 1978, the Wisconsin Public Service Commission, citing problems with uranium availability, waste disposal and decommissioning, ordered the utilities in the state to include no new reactors in their future plans. Also in 1978, the California Energy Commission canceled plans for the Sun Desert nuclear reactor, noting that the needed energy could be more cheaply "produced" through conservation and alternative sources.

Many consumer and environmental groups have effectively used economic arguments against nuclear power during hearings on a utility's proposed rate increase. In response to "unfavorable" commission decisions on rate hikes, Florida Power and Light, Detroit Edison, and Consumers Power in Jackson, Mich. canceled their nuclear projects. In 1976, the Wisconsin Public Service Commission granted the Madison Gas and Electric Company an $8 million rate increase only after the utility had agreed to drop plans for the Koshkonong nuclear plant. Also in 1976, the Seattle City Council overruled the municipal utility's plans for two nuclear plants, opting instead for conservation. One council member stated, "Conservation is the lowest-cost method of generating power, and can be accomplished through sensible management without affecting our standard of living."

Some citizens' groups have also successfully convinced their commissions to shift the financial risks associated with nuclear energy from consumers to stockholders. In 1976, for example, Safe Power for Maine gained a refund of $3 million in replacement power costs collected by Central Maine Power during a forced outage of the nuclear plant. The commission reasoned that the utility should collect damages from the manufacturer of the faulty equipment that caused the outage.

Despite its many environmental and social disadvantages, nuclear power has received public support because it was thought to be cheap. But a recent Harris poll shows that a 2-to-1 majority would oppose reactors if they believed nuclear power was more expensive than other sources. Clearly, more and more Americans will oppose nuclear power as cost increases and Government subsidies are added to their utility bills. The nuclear industry, already on shaky economic grounds, may not survive the challenge. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Oscars for Our Sins

GLORIA EMERSON

In many ways the American public, perhaps without realizing it, has been hungry for a happy ending to the Vietnam War ever since our hysterical and brutal departure from Saigon.

There was a happy ending of sorts in 1973 when the prisoners of war came home. I remember a 9-year-old child who thought we had gone to war to get these men back. Another "happy" ending was Operation Babylift when Vietnamese infants in the South were scooped up like lifesavers and brought to this country to be adopted. So much sentimental, self-congratulatory coverage was given to the arrival of the infants it was easy to forget how many Vietnamese children we had killed, maimed or orphaned in our zeal to save South Vietnam. And then, of course, there was the May 1975 bombing of the *Mayagüez* and Tang Island which produced a national elation although the crew members of the seized vessel were by then out of danger—except from United States bombardment. Forty-one American men died in that operation and President Ford's popularity soared.

And each year since April 1975 there have been attempts to make the war and its crimes not only acceptable but justifiable, to insist that we might have won if only. . . . There is Professor Gunther Lewy's apologia, *America in Vietnam*—a book which strikes me as insane—and Peter Braestrup's *Big Story*, a two-volume analysis of American press and television coverage of the 1968 Tet offensive which was published by a company in Colorado in cooperation with Freedom House of New York. Braestrup's point seems to be that the press should have been more helpful to the United States military instead of always writing that we were losing, that it was madness to go on with the lies, the bombings, the pacification programs. And this spring along comes the revisionist history of American military involvement in Vietnam whose contents have the seal of approval of Gen. William Westmoreland as well as a foreword by the retired Commander of the United States Forces—a man not noted for his intelligence and insight. *The Vietnam War* (Crown) has articles by thirteen contributors from the historical divisions of the British and American Armed Forces and will, in the General's opinion, be a source of pride to Vietnam veterans who saw combat. Not unexpectedly the General attacks the Western press for biased coverage and negative reporting during the war. The value of the book may be that it reveals Westmoreland to be more foolish and isolated than his most bitter critics ever guessed.

And now, far more disturbing than any of these books, is Michael Cimino's bizarre film, *The Deer Hunter*, which has just won five Academy Awards, including the one for best picture. "I love ya madly," he cried to the audience, clutching his Oscar on his night of triumph. The trouble with Cimino is that he seems to regret that he was not a Green Beret, that he was not in the war and that he did not have a chance to endure the unspeakable, suffer and redeem himself. So he has invented his own war, called it Vietnam, and ignored the human evidence of its real victims. He has won five Oscars for a sick and manipulative film—remarkable only for its adolescent perceptions and wild self-indulgence—that is impressing many people as the truth, the real version of what the war was like in Vietnam. Cimino has done what no one else has succeeded in doing: he has rejected the immense suffering of the Vietnamese in the South, of the Vietnamese in the North, of the Americans who fought there, in favor of a story that suits his own longings and his own fantasies about men. Do not enrich him further by going to see *The Deer Hunter*.

In our desperation to explain our defeat in Vietnam, and to be comfortable with it, many people need a film like *The Deer Hunter* which shows the Americans in Vietnam as gallant, good, noble fellows pitted against the despicable, giggling and inhuman Asian monsters who do not, of course, value human life. It is the most racist film I have ever seen. The story of three friends, steelworkers from a small town in Pennsylvania, who are captured and forced to play Russian roulette by the Viet Cong, and who are each destroyed by the war, *The Deer Hunter* makes a mockery of the real pain, the real losses and the real nightmares of the survivors in all the armies. The film is the creation of a shrewd monster, a man of tremendous energy, ambition and staggering ignorance.

Using Russian roulette as his metaphor, Cimino is not bothered by the fact that this odious form of enforced suicide was not practiced by the Vietnamese and the Chinese who gambled, yes, but with cards or by playing mah-jongg. It is a stupid and offensive metaphor in terms of the American infantrymen in Vietnam who did not casually risk their lives. Indeed, in the last years of combat involvement, 1970 and 1971, a number of officers were "fragged"—murdered—by enlisted men who did not wish to follow their orders and be killed. It was my impression that the American military command was having far more trouble controlling and disciplining its own mutinous troops than fighting the enemy.

The Deer Hunter sells us a version of the war, of American goodness, that we can comfortably swallow between our sobs. In the darkness of the movie houses, no one need feel guilty or ashamed of that long, long war. The hero, as played by Robert De Niro, is a strange man, almost a cartoon of a Hemingway figure, and his first name is Michael. It is Cimino's name and *The Deer Hunter* is his fantasy. There are dozens of books on the war by men who fought it or protested it, who really came from small towns and working-class families, and they give the lie to this fraudulent film. One book, *The Winter Soldier Investigation*, compiled by the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, has the voices of more than 125 men who served in Vietnam. They had gathered in Detroit in 1972 to talk at last about the war and what they had done, and how they felt about it. Some of their names were McCusker, Bangert, Damron, Butts, Heidtman, Olimpieri, Kogut, Bunge, Misiaszek, Galicia, Noetzel, Drolshagen and a former Spec. 5 named Nathan Hale from a small town in Pennsylvania just like the men in *The Deer Hunter*. Hale spoke of his experience as an interrogator-linguist with the Americal Division in 1968.

"When I arrived there my S-2, a Captain, told me my job was to elicit information. This meant I could elicit in-

Gloria Emerson is the author of Winners and Losers *(Random House/Harvest) which won a National Book Award in 1978.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formation in any means possible. . . ." Hale said. "I personally used clubs, rifle butts, pistols, knives and this was always done at Hill 29. And in the field it gets better." *The Winter Soldier Investigation* was an attempt by some veterans not only to stop the war but to stop the degradation of its American participants who were beginning to realize that they were losing their own humanity.

Not good enough for Cimino, however, who has said he did not intend to make a realistic film. But how could he? You would have to know something, have some feeling and respect for the men who testified against themselves that winter in Detroit and for those they tortured. Few film critics were bothered by the distortions of *The Deer Hunter* and of all the early reviews I read, even fewer showed outright revulsion. Of these, Howard Kissel's in *Women's Wear Daily* stands out. But the most brilliant dissections of *The Deer Hunter* have come not from professional critics but from men who reported the war in Vietnam. A long article by Tom Buckley, who covered it for *The New York Times* from 1966 to 1968, and made two later trips back to Vietnam, appeared in the April issue of *Harper's* and not in his own newspaper, interestingly enough. Nothing has been written about Cimino or his film that is quite as devastating.

Buckley exposes the distortions Cimino served up to Letitia Kent in an interview published in *The New York Times* on December 10, 1978. In the interview, which Kent taped, Cimino said he was attached to a Green Beret medical unit, claimed to be 35 years old, maintained that he had entered the Army in 1968, and that *The Deer Hunter*, which he directed, was "a very personal film." Kent, an unusually hard-working reporter, discovered discrepancies in Cimino's autobiography after the interview was published and submitted a letter to *The Times* revealing the errors which had appeared in her piece. The letter was rejected for publication.

In fact, as Buckley reveals, Cimino was not 35 but close to 40 when he spoke to Kent, he enlisted in the Army Reserves in 1962 not 1968, he spent six months on active duty (instead of the two years he would have served if drafted) and he never wore the Green Beret.

"If it were not for the way they are mirrored in *The Deer Hunter*, Cimino's impostures would scarcely be worth noticing," Buckley wrote. ". . . Cimino has said he was not, after all, trying to make a realistic film. The implication is that he could do so if he wanted to, but that would be like setting Picasso to paint a barn. *The Deer Hunter*, he has said, is surrealistic, a dreamscape. He is wrong. His characters, their milieu, his version of the Vietnam War, all suffer from the same defect. They are neither real nor surreal—merely pretentious and false." Buckley's point that *The Deer Hunter* doesn't hold the mirror up to nature, it holds it up to Cimino, is worth noting.

I went to a screening of *The Deer Hunter* last year with Seymour Hersh (probably the best reporter in the United States), who broke the full story of the My Lai massacre in 1969, and James Sterba, also of *The New York Times*, who had been one of the brightest young reporters in Vietnam writing about American troops. Hersh, whose reflexes and instincts are often faster and more acute than many people's, was quiet until the scene in a Vietnamese village which showed an enemy soldier, alone, throwing a grenade into a bunker filled with terrified women and children. De Niro then exterminates the soldier. I think Hersh knew right then what was ahead, that Cimino had made a film in which all the atrocities were committed by the other side, never by us, and so the man who knew so much and was so deeply affected by My Lai could not quite stomach it and stalked out. I wish I had followed. Sterba stayed too and was as disgusted as anyone by the film. I laughed at the end when, back home, De Niro and others sang "God Bless America."

Peter Arnett, the Associated Press reporter who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1966 for his Vietnam coverage and who perhaps saw more of the war than any other working reporter, witnessed the end of it on April 30, 1975 when columns of green-clad North Vietnamese soldiers moved into Saigon. In a recent piece for *The Los Angeles Times*, Arnett wrote: "I am now discovering that increasing numbers of Americans believe the last act of the war took place in a sinister back room somewhere in Saigon, where greedy Oriental gamblers were exhorting a glazed-eyed American G.I. to blow his head off." He referred to the last scenes of *The Deer Hunter*, where one of the Americans, played by Christopher Walken who won an Oscar for best supporting actor, now completely mad, has become a professional performer in a gambling den where only Russian roulette is played. Arnett, who is married to a Vietnamese, asserts, as have others, that there was no Russian roulette in Vietnam and that "the central metaphor of the movie is a bloody lie." And he objects to Cimino perpetuating "the racist stereotype that sustained much of America's involvement in Indochina in the first place."

But if only one sentence could be used as an indictment of Cimino's film—in which we see so much blood spurting across the screen during Russian roulette games—it is Buckley who provides it. "*The Deer Hunter* does not examine cruelty, it exploits it," he said. And it is this which makes it an unforgivable film. □

Paris Letter: The Politics and the Pity

DANIEL SINGER

Paris

"We are all German Jews" chanted 50,000 Frenchmen at the gates of the Bastille in 1968. I was recently reminded of this episode, which has become revolutionary lore, when *Holocaust* was shown here. Seven out of ten French viewers followed the saga of the Weiss family on their television screens, even though here as everywhere, progressive critics tore the show to pieces. But the questionable mixture of commercial TV serial and inhuman atrocity, of family life and horror, gripped millions, provoking polemics in French newspapers, magazines and private homes. The exceedingly passionate nature of the stir was predictable and that is why the French Government, jealous master of its telly, was very reluctant to broadcast *Holocaust* and did so only under strong pressure.

And why was the French Government so worried by a serial describing

Daniel Singer is the author of Prelude to Revolution: France in May of 1968 *(Hill & Wang). He has served as Paris correspondent of* The Economist *and the* New Statesman.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only German atrocities? Because it does not want the country to awaken from the collective amnesia affecting a dark period of its recent past, the five years of Vichy and collaboration. Or to be more accurate, it wants to preserve the legend that France, with a few exceptions, was on the side of the angels. This myth was constructed immediately after the war on the basis of a simple syllogism: de Gaulle was a resister; de Gaulle is France; hence, France was a nation of resistance. And everybody, for different reasons, played a part in this mystification.

The Gaullists did so not only because it enhanced the stature of their legendary hero. As resisters they were, in a sense, both traitors to and saviors of their class. The bulk of the French bourgeoisie had backed Vichy wholeheartedly. Some businessmen collaborated actively with the Germans in keeping with the slogan of the 1930s: *"Plutôt Hitler que le front populaire"* (Rather Hitler than the popular front). Others merely welcomed Marshal Pétain as the current symbol of law and order. Naturally, there were many exceptions and these temporary outcasts rallied around de Gaulle. After the war, and facing strong pressures from the underground for a radical overhaul, the Gaullists were only too glad to purge individuals while preserving the system.

The left acquiesced for more pedestrian reasons, because it had its own black sheep and its own skeletons in the cupboard. The Socialists preferred to forget that many of their deputies had voted the full powers for Pétain. The Communists did not wish to remember that they became the main force within the Resistance movement only *after* 1941, i.e., after the German invasion of Russia. Some people argue that this myth-making was an inevitable contribution to national unity. National unity, however, is often achieved at the expense of political consciousness. The left, having then forgotten its motto about truth being always revolutionary, has been paying the price for its complicity ever since.

Conservative France required the myth and the mystification to reforge its unity just as it needs them now to preserve it. When General de Gaulle was brought back to power by the Algerian colonels in 1958, most former supporters of Vichy climbed on his bandwagon. I remember a French friend protesting indignantly at the time that his in-laws, who had a portrait of Pétain over their mantelpiece during the war, put a picture of General de Gaulle in its place; in his indignation, my friend overlooked their consistency. Ten years later, in May 1968, as society was threatened by the students' rebellion and the workers' strike, conservative France rallied, once again, around the General. In their big procession up the Champs-Elysées, former Resistance leaders marched in front, while neo-Nazis in the back chanted: "Cohn-Bendit to Dachau." (For those who may have forgotten: Daniel Cohn-Bendit was a colorful student leader, Jewish and German by accident, whose expulsion from France prompted thousands of young Frenchmen to proclaim themselves German Jews.) I am not suggesting that none of the pro-Gaullist marchers was shocke by the ghastly slogan, yet, when it wa reported in the press, none of them ut tered publicly a word of protest. In th hour of danger, the right could not af ford the luxury of morality at the ris of dissension, and today, still unde pressure, it tries to complete its recon ciliation. Giscard d'Estaing is the ope champion of such reconciliation even if for the time being, he cannot crown i spectacularly by burying Pétain a Verdun, the site of his World War I ex ploits. The country is still too deeply di vided and the memories too fresh fo that.

Everything is being done, mean while, to let bygones be bygones. For a projected BBC program on how Worl War II is being taught in the schools o various countries, I had to look over sev eral French textbooks the other day. In five out of six, you get quite a good ac count of the twists and turnings of tha conflict, but only the haziest picture o Vichy France, with its misguided old man (Pétain), its villain (Laval), its hero (de Gaulle) and its united nation which after some early misgivings, rallied massively around the hero of the Resistance. No wonder that *The Sorrow and the Pity*, the Marcel Ophuls film reviving through documents and interviews the *real* atmosphere of that period, produced such a shock when it was shown in a Paris cinema; children stunned by their discovery began asking their parents questions about the past and their past. No wonder either that this brilliant documentary, produced for TV back in 1970, has not been shown on French television. The television in France is state-owned and is very much its master's voice. The Government had no wish to show to a mass audience such an iconoclastic performance.

With *Holocaust* the authorities were rather lucky. The TV program in which it was shown, *Les Dossiers de l'écran*, usually combines a film with a live debate. At the time, however, a television strike was on and nothing could be filmed live. The debate was thus limited to the last episode and it was properly stage-managed. Though twenty persons were invited to take part, the limelight was clearly focused on Simone Veil, the Minister of Health. Madame Veil is undoubtedly the most popular member of the ruling coalition and had just been chosen by Giscard d'Estaing to head the list bearing his colors in the forthcoming elections. She is elegant, has charm and personality. She also has tragically valid credentials to participate in the discussion. In 1944,

FOR MY HUSBAND

Is it a dream,
the way we huddle over the board,
our fingers touching on the slick button?
The Ouija stammers under so much doubt,
finally reaches *L*, then *O*,
pauses under its lettered heaven,
and as it veers toward *loss* and the long past
that lodges with us, you press toward *love*,
and the disk stalls
outside
a cry is loosed from the bay,
but you are looking for two swans
on a glass lake, a decade of roses—
oh my lonely, my precious loaf,
can't we say out loud the parent word
longing,
whose sad head
looms over any choice you make?

Ellen Bryant Voigt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the age of 16, she was deported with her whole family and lost her parents and a brother in the death camps. As expected, she dominated the debate with dignity, understanding and tact. Everything thus worked well until almost the last moment when a youth, invited to represent the rising generation, asked her point-blank: Why does your Government tolerate that a man who had aided and abetted the Nazis should be the major press lord in France? Mme. Veil then lost her temper and her poise and accused the youngster of asking irrelevant questions and the young in general of "confusing issues."

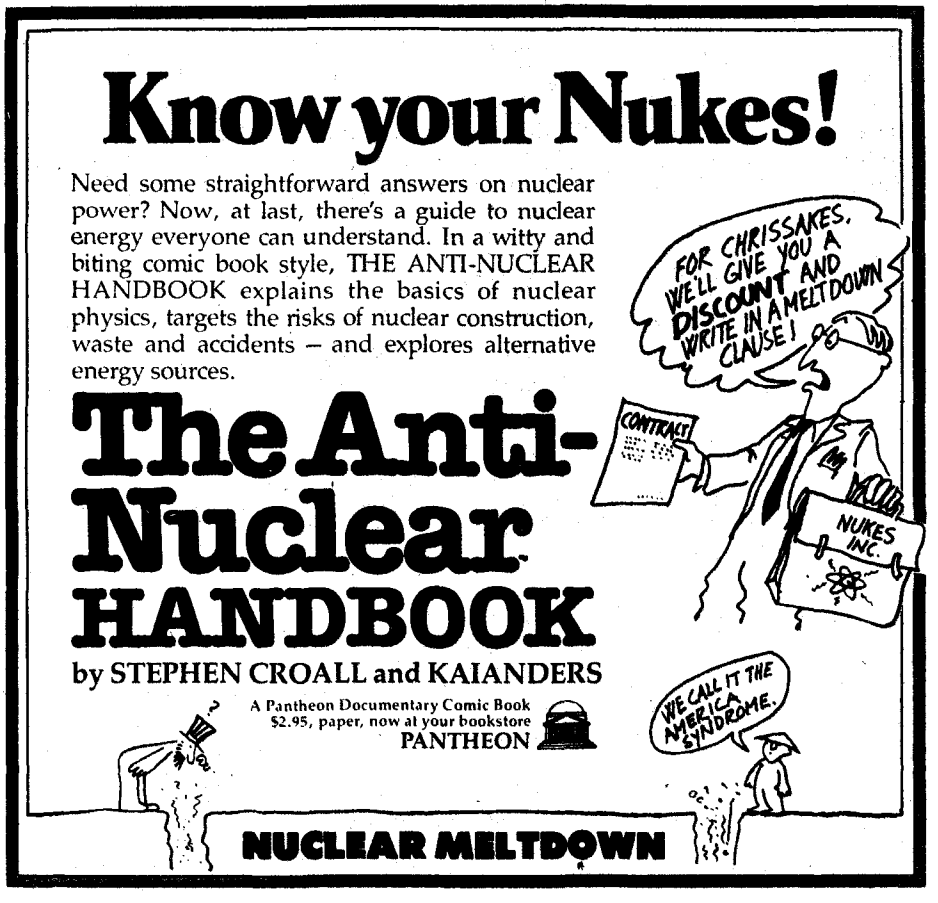
A word of explanation is needed here. The man at issue is Robert Hersant. During the war, he was a leader of a small but rabidly pro-Nazi group. He vituperated against the Jews at a time when words were deadly weapons and, after the war, was sentenced to "national indignity." But a great deal of water has flowed under the bridges of Paris since then. Today, Hersant (*Le Canard Enchaîné*, the satirical weekly, always spells his name Herr Sant, so as not to forget his political origins) has a controlling interest in three major national dailies: the popular *France-Soir*, the once respectable *Le Figaro* and the middle-class *l'Aurore*. He also owns a host of provincial papers and knows on which side his bread is buttered. He was a friend of Jacques Chirac. He and his papers are now wholeheartedly for Giscard d'Estaing. Mme. Veil found it awkward to condemn publicly such a powerful ally.

Whatever she may say, past and present are deeply intertwined. Indeed, *Holocaust* would probably not have been shown in France but for the uproar provoked by a scandal at the close of last year. The Paris weekly *L'Express* chose then, presumably for commercial reasons, to splash an interview with a certain Darquier de Pellepoix. That honorable gentleman was Vichy's Commissioner for Jewish Affairs. Sheltered all this time in Franco's Spain, he had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Whereas in France today, except in the gutter fascist press, racists must take precautions, proceed by allusions and innuendoes, the unrepentant criminal spoke with the xenophobic venom of the good old days of collaboration. Too much was too much. M. Hersant's papers joined in the chorus of indignation over his indecency. If they thought that stirring up old memories would create trouble, they were right. Former resisters, victims of concentration camps and plain liberals raised their voices asking for truth, the full horrible truth.

In the pandemonium it was discovered that other men who had presided over the deportation of Jews from France were still at large. It turned out that a M. Jean Leguay, head of police in occupied France, was living in Paris on a pension as a retired civil servant and apparently adding to his income by working for American companies. In the private proceedings started since then by the families of some Jewish victims, it is being alleged that M. Leguay not only negotiated the deportation of Jews with the Nazis but also showed zeal in his collaboration. Where the Germans asked for the adults, the French offered them the children as an additional gift, at a time when death was the only possible destination. It was also discovered that his former superior in the Vichy hierarchy, a M. René Bousquet, was now the honorable adviser to an important merchant bank (*was* because after the outcry he had to resign under threat from the labor unions) and had been on the board of the internal French airlines, a state company headed by Antoine Veil, the husband of the lady Minister. Indeed, gossip has it that he occasionally attended the smart dinner parties given by the Veils. Here one's mind boggles: what sort of striped ghost hovered over their banquets?

History has these cruel ironies as well as lessons that are seldom learned. At the anti-racist meetings I have attended here since the airing of *Holocaust*, the young were most firmly opposed to commemoration for its own sake. They want memory to be used as a weapon. In their passion, they may occasionally forget the specificity of the genocide of the Jews. Yet, fundamentally, they are right in their emphasis on the universality and the permanence of the disease. Anti-Jewish scribblings on the walls, occasional attacks against a synagogue, the fact that the dean of a faculty of medicine in Paris has just dared to proclaim himself a racist and a Nazi (even though he had to resign immediately)—all these are disquieting signs. But anti-Semitism is not, or not yet, the main symptom in France. The same newspapers, the same interests, the same people, or their successors, have for the moment picked foreign workers as their main target. A burglary, a rape, a mugging is for them a good occasion to conjure up the shadowy figure of a "dark-skinned foreigner." They put the blame for unemployment, for the overcrowding in schools and hospitals, on the "foreign invasion." They stir up hatred, appealing to man's most irrational fears and his basest instincts. Racism is a many-headed hydra.

As the crisis deepens in Europe and


Know your Nukes!
Need some straightforward answers on nuclear power? Now, at last, there's a guide to nuclear energy everyone can understand. In a witty and biting comic book style, THE ANTI-NUCLEAR HANDBOOK explains the basics of nuclear physics, targets the risks of nuclear construction, waste and accidents – and explores alternative energy sources.
The Anti-Nuclear HANDBOOK
by STEPHEN CROALL and KAIANDERS
A Pantheon Documentary Comic Book
$2.95, paper, now at your bookstore
PANTHEON
FOR CHRISSAKES, WE'LL GIVE YOU A DISCOUNT AND WRITE IN A MELTDOWN CLAUSE!
CONTRACT
NUKES INC.
WE CALL IT THE AMERICA SYNDROME.
NUCLEAR MELTDOWN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unemployment rises, we must be lucid and vigilant if we don't want the middle classes first, and then entire nations, to run amok once again. Whatever her ladyship may preach from her ministerial pulpit, the young are right in "confusing issues." It can happen here, it can happen anywhere and it is not just a question of German Jews. Come to think of it, when the thousands of young Frenchmen proclaimed their German Jewishness I stood in the crowd next to Aimé Césaire, the great poet from Martinique, who made this caustic comment: "I am willing to shout, but nobody will believe me." Aimé Césaire is black. □

Survive and Remember

CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK

SURVIVING AND OTHER ESSAYS. *By Bruno Bettelheim. Alfred A. Knopf. 432 pp. $15.*

When I accepted this book for review, I had already worked out what I was going to say about it. I would begin with a frank admission of my combined qualifications and disqualifications, as a mother of an autistic child, for reviewing a book by a man who has done so much to persuade so many that the condition of children like my daughter is the result of their families' neglect, rejection, hostility and abuse. I would examine this thesis briefly and with impressive restraint, after which I would consider whatever else I might happen to find in the book with an objectivity and magnanimity which could not fail to elicit a reader's admiration. I would end with a generous appreciation of this old man in whom, as in the old Oedipus at Colonus, the capacity to curse and to love were so inextricably linked, recalling the words of Dmitri Karamazov: "Yes, man is broad, too broad indeed. I'd have him narrower."

But books often turn out to be different from the expected, especially when they are worth reading. In the event, Bettelheim is narrower than I thought him, not broader; his thought is to a rare degree all of a piece. Though he spent most of his mature life working with children, and *The Empty Fortress*, on autism, is his longest book, autism occupies only a few pages here, much muted, while the essays on the education of the young are peripheral to the book's central concerns. More than half the book—much more than half in interest and impact—is devoted to essays by means of which, over nearly forty years, he has thought his way through the experiences he underwent in 1938 and 1939 in Dachau and Buchenwald. Here is the center of his book, as of his life; if the bewildering behavior he saw later in the gravely damaged children called autistic seemed to him best explainable in terms of the withdrawal with which some prisoners responded to the systematic torture and brutalization of the camps, one can see why he needed it to be so.

> In times of trouble . . . the problem of life's purpose, or meaning, forces itself on our awareness. The greater the hardship we experience, the more pressing the question becomes for us. . . . It seems that if we could just grasp life's deeper significance, then we would also comprehend the true meaning of our agony—and incidentally that of others—and this would answer the burning question of why we have to bear it, why it was inflicted on us. If in the light of our understanding of life's design our suffering is needed to achieve its purpose, or is at least an essential part of it, then as an integral element of life's great design our affliction becomes meaningful, and thus more bearable.

Surviving presents the record of a life constrained to a single focus; the necessity fully to experience that year in Dachau, to wring meaning out of it, and out of the even more terrible years experienced by others, the many dead and the few living, in the death camps liberated at last in 1945 by the Allied armies. There are interesting essays on other subjects—on the conflicts attendant on "Growing Up Female" in America in 1962 and to a lesser extent today; a reconsideration of Summerhill ("there is no socialization or learning without fear"); a very clever book review in the form of notes kept by the Dr. Spielvogel who undertook to psychoanalyze Portnoy. But the enduring force of the book lies in the essays on "the holocaust" (a term whose connotations Bettelheim emphatically rejects). These are impressive essays—much more impressive together than any one of them can be separately. It is compelling to follow their progression from the self-enforced, deliberately distanced objectivity of "Individual and Mass Behavior in Extreme Situations" (rejected everywhere until Gordon Allport published it in *The Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* in 1943), through considerations of Anne Frank, the Eichmann trial and various books by and about survivors, to the culminating essay, published in *The New Yorker* in 1976, which rightly gives the book its title. For this is much more than a collection of essays. Bettelheim has provided backward looks and introductory explanations that have done much to unify it formally, but this has been possible because of its single overwhelming subject: what it is, not merely to survive but to survive worthily. In the religious terms which Bettelheim cannot claim for himself, but which he never disparages, what is considered here is how to save one's soul alive.

In 1940, when Bettelheim began to write that first essay, the "final solu-

Clara Claiborne Park teaches English at Williams College. She is the author of The Siege: The First Eight Years of an Autistic Child *and* You Are Not Alone: Understanding and Dealing with Mental Illness *(both Atlantic-Little, Brown).*

THE CRYSTAL CAGE
for Joseph Cornell

To climb the belltower,
step after step,
in the grainy light,
without breathing harder;
to spy on each landing
a basket of gifts,
a snowbox of wonders:
pressed flowers, pieces
of colored glass,
a postcard from Niagara Falls,
agates, cut-outs of birds,
and dozing in the pile,
in faded mezzotint,
Child Mozart at the Clavichord.
Three days you fasted
to bring you angels;
your square-toed shoes,
friends of your plodding,
are turning weightless.
When the pear-shaped, brindled cat
who lives under the belfry
jumps into your arms
you are not surprised
by the love-look in her amber eyes,
or by the blissful secrets
she confides to you
in oval, pellucid tones.
What if the iron overhead
suddenly starts pounding?
What if, outside,
a terrible storm is raging?
What if, below,
your twisted brother is calling?

Stanley Kunitz

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion" was still in the future; it was not yet imaginable that a civilized country could apply the resources of advanced technology to systematically exterminate 11 million people, more than half of them Jews. "At that time, nothing was known in the United States about the camps, and my story was met with utter disbelief." So the language, today, shocks by its coolness:

> In this paper, an effort will be made to deal adequately with at least one aspect of the Gestapo's aforementioned aims: *the concentration camp as a means of producing changes in the prisoners which would make them more useful subjects* of the Nazi state. These changes were produced by exposing the prisoners to extreme situations particularly created for this purpose. These circumstances forced the prisoners to adapt themselves entirely and with the greatest speed. This adaptation produced interesting types of private, individual, and mass behavior.

The controlled academicism of "Individual and Mass Behavior in Extreme Situations" cannot have been easy for a survivor, but in 1943 it was still possible. It was more than possible, it was necessary, "to forestall the accusation that I distorted facts out of personal hatred," to make Americans listen to what even the American academic community shut its ears to. But objectivity was more than a strategic necessity; it was an inner imperative. "Trying to be objective became my intellectual defense against being overwhelmed." The experience had to be confronted, not because it could not be denied or left behind—others made that choice—but because only by confronting it, not once but over and over again, could meaning be found.

The full heroism of that early objectivity can be measured only after reading the later essays, most poignantly in certain details. A year after his release Bettelheim was analyzing with necessitated coolness how prisoners were humiliated by being forced "to develop types of behavior which are characteristic of infancy," in a paragraph on how the camp guards exploited their power over the places and times of the prisoners' defecation. It is only in 1976, in the essay written out of the anguish and outrage of his response to the widely praised *Seven Beauties*, Lina Wertmüller's travesty on survival, that he is ready to let us know, in its full immediacy, what that paragraph really meant. There are two characters in the film who retain their moral integrity. One is shot by the film's protagonist, Pasqualino, who is presented as the archetypal survivor, prevailing by the sheer amoral force of his vitality whatever the cost of his survival to others. The other commits suicide by jumping into the camp latrine into which other prisoners are defecating, shouting "Brothers, I go to jump into the shit!" Bettelheim is a real, not fictional, survivor, and it is with controlled fury that he notes how "asserting one's human dignity by . . . suffocating oneself in feces" is given, in the film, "a comic quality that is nearly as strong as its morbidity." It is here that Bettelheim tells us what he did not say in the cool paragraph on defecation that he wrote so long before: that he himself "witnessed in the camps prisoners dying in this way." They were not, however, committing suicide, which they could readily do in less sensational ways; they were pushed in by sadistic guards. For those who saw this happen, "the comic quality does not exist."

The overwhelming necessity, for those who could save their souls alive, is to bear true witness to what they have known; it is what saves meaning out of the meaninglessness of despair. Objectivity was necessary, forty years ago, for bearing witness; controlled subjectivity is necessary today, when there is need to bear witness against those who would distort the concentration camp experience into a perverse hymn to a survivorship robbed of its meaning, won and enjoyed in the pure animality of the body and the repudiation of civilization and its irrelevant constraints. Attractive Pasqualino is a guilt-free murderer, a two-time rapist, a betrayer; he is not to be accepted as the prototypical "little man" whose survival cheers us all. He is a monster, and it is monstrous to present him otherwise. Only in a world without morality can there be guilt-free survival of such experiences. Civilization nourishes guilt, and rightly. It is the capacity to feel guilt which more than any fear of disapproval is "a most powerful motivation for moral behavior."

So Bettelheim is drawn to confront the most painful feelings of all. Objectively, of course, no guilt attaches to survival. "The survivor as a thinking being knows very well that he is not guilty, as I, for one, know about myself." Yet the survivor's humanity, his existence "as a feeling being, requires that he feel guilty, and he does." He feels guilty for his luck in surviving. He feels guilty for having watched the destruction of others without intervening, for having heeded the counsels of that "better judgment" which preserved him at others' expense. Most of all he

The Education of Carey McWilliams
by Carey McWilliams

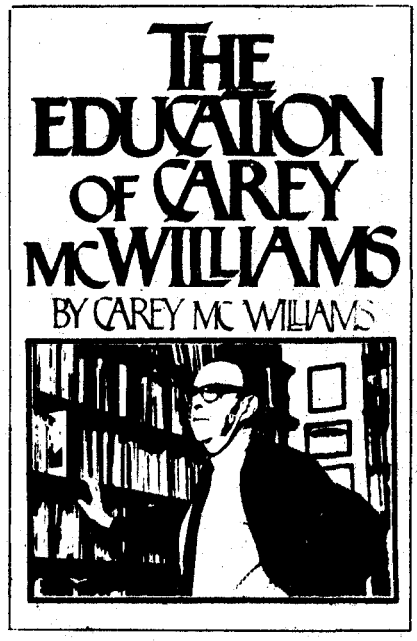
"Carey McWilliams doesn't cash in on trends, he makes them."—Nicholas von Hoffman

In the classic tradition of *The Education of Henry Adams* and *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*, books that capture an entire period of American history through one man's life, Carey McWilliams has written a book destined to become required reading for anyone interested in 20th-century America.

Whenever and wherever social injustice flourished, McWilliams was there, to write about it and to fight it: the plight of the migrant workers; the forced internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II; the McCarthy witch-hunt; segregation in the South. His previous books—*Factories in the Field, Ill Fares the Land, Brothers Under the Skin*—and his twenty years as editor of *The Nation* changed the conscience of America.

In a rich and moving new book, the author takes us through a Rocky Mountain youth; surging California in the 20s and 30s; war, then "peace"—a Cold War that has never really ended. *The Education of Carey McWilliams* is the chronicle of a national treasure. *Notes, bibliography, and index.*

May, $10.95. Simon & Schuster



OUR PRICE $10.00
SAVE, ORDER NOW
LEE PUBLICATIONS
518 ROCKDALE DR.
SAN FRANCISCO,
CA 94127

Send _____ book(s) at $10.00 each to:

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

CA residents add 60¢ per book sales tax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feels guilty "for having often felt glad that it was not oneself who perished, since one knew that one had no right to expect that one would be the person spared." But one was—and one cannot avoid the burden.

The psychoanalytic terms which spontaneously come to mind are in the end far less relevant than the religious. The words "working through," however appropriate they may superficially seem, can only trivialize the process by which Bettelheim has searched out meaning for himself and for us. For here near the end of his life he speaks, like so many other paradoxical Jewish atheists, with the voice of the Prophets. He writes not to explain and analyze the abomination that was, but to use it to recall us to the knowledge of what ought to be. There is no conflict, he tells us, between what he saw in the camps and the most deeply believed-in imperatives of nature and culture. The camps did not teach a morality of dog-eat-dog savagery, or that survival could be bought by the surrender of all about us that is not bestial. "Pasqualino's nihilistic vision of a battle of all against all for the survival of the strongest is a Fascist vision." Wertmüller's depraved female commandant tells Pasqualino, "You found the strength for an erection—that's why you'll survive and win in the end." But the actual survivor's experience is quite different: "the prisoners, to survive, had to help one another"; they "made common cause against the S.S. most of the time." "The greatest crime in the camps was stealing another prisoner's piece of bread; for this the other prisoners exacted the most severe punishment, as they had to if they wanted to live. But it hardly ever happened."

The most impressive pages of *Surviving* are those which present Bettelheim's masterly confrontation of Wertmüller's Johnny-come-lately romantic nihilism with the simple, terrible facts of 11 million people's daily existence in the years from 1936 to 1945. The most powerful prophecy is that which is grounded on truth. Fiction after fiction—falsehood after falsehood—fails the confrontation. Remembering Ilse Koch, Wertmüller makes the camp commandant a woman, so Pasqualino can escape by his willingness to exploit his sex. But Ilse Koch's power was through her husband; there could never have been a female commandant in Nazi Germany. No S.S. man would ever have handed Pasqualino a gun, to shoot his best friend or for any other reason; he would have known that the prisoner would shoot not his friend but the S.S. Treachery did not win survival in the camps; the guards as well as the prisoners despised it. The amoral *élan vital* attributed to Pasqualino would in fact have guaranteed not his survival but his early death, for the camp, in all its degradation, remained a human society.

It is finally to the humanity of society that Bettelheim has survived to bear witness. His experience has molded him, and as with all of us, that molding has been in some respects a deformation. He can be unjust here—in the essay "Obsolete Youth" there is no recognition of the generosity and idealism of the student activists of the 1960s, or of their part in bringing to an end another abomination, one the angry prophet has no words for, the Vietnam War. Events have rendered most of the essay obsolete, and there was little reason to reprint it. His theory of autism is also obsolete and also unjust, but it here assumes its true proportions as a minor corollary of his search for the meaning of his experience, still relevant only to those it injured. "Archaic," Bettelheim calls himself; perhaps it is the old Oedipus after all. If he is sometimes harsh and stubborn, we recognize that these too may be qualities of the survivor. He is, at any rate, as honest as he knows how to be. □

John Chinaman

PAUL COWAN

FUSANG: The Chinese Who Built America. *By Stan Steiner. Harper & Row. 256 pp. $11.95.*

Most Americans—whatever their political views—still wear a set of blinders which prevents them from seeing shadings in our country's past. The standard version of our last 300 years is still a lyrical one—in most high schools and colleges, students learn that we are the pot of gold at the end of history's rainbow. Much of the left, embittered by the 1960s, presents the flip side of that vision, arguing that our past is nothing but a procession of atrocities. We are either a city on a hill, a beacon for all mankind, or we are the embodiment of evil incarnate. In other words, we tend to talk about ourselves as if we were figures in a Calvinist's jeremiad like Jonathan Edwards's "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God."

It's more useful, I think, to see America through a prism of discreet, complex experiences—from the points of view of the very different tribes that settled here. The trouble is that the sources of their attitudes have been obscured, partly by the left-wing dream of a rainbow-hued popular front, largely by the national myth of the melting pot. Any writer who attempts to rediscover those sources performs a potentially vital literary service.

Stan Steiner, an indefatigable author, has spent much of his career doing just that. During the past decade he has written about Native Americans in *The New Indians*, about Chicanos in *La Raza*, about Puerto Ricans in *The Islands*. Now he has woven together scattered threads of information to create *Fusang: The Chinese Who Built America*, a provocative book that furnishes tantalizing insights into a hidden and complex aspect of this country's history.

Steiner begins the book with a thesis which, if it were sustained through a work of fiction, might make for a best-selling family saga. He shows America (*Fusang*) as the Chinese saw it long ago—and as some must see it today.

In 441 A.D., a Buddhist missionary named Hui Shen is supposed to have landed in America, or so Chinese legend goes. According to Steiner, "He talked of the people there as being remarkably human and civilized, considering they were not Chinese. 'They neither have arms nor do they make war. . . .'" Until the nineteenth century, Steiner says, that halcyon image endured: this continent played the same fantasylike role in China's imagination as China did for Europeans like Samuel Cole-

Paul Cowan is a staff writer at The Village Voice *and author of* The Tribes of America *(Doubleday).*

POETRY READING

The winners of DISCOVERY-THE NATION, '79 will read their poems in an event sponsored by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA. The competition, a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" and *The Nation*'s poetry contest, was open to poets who have not been published in book form.

The reading will be held at 8 P.M. on Monday, May 21, in The Poetry Center, YM-YWHA, 92nd Street and Lexington Avenue. The winning poems will appear in a future issue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idge—a remote, unspoiled place, a anadu.

Commerce changed all that. The tea iat was to become the Englishman's ddiction came from China—indeed, it as Chinese tea that was dumped into oston Harbor in 1773. More impor-antly, opium, which came to symbolize hina for much of the West, was grown i India under British supervision and hipped to China with the protection of ie British fleet. From the start, Chi-a's rulers were far more wary of the rug than were European poets like oleridge. They called it a "flowing poi-on," worried it was ruining the minds nd morale of their people, issued dicts banning it in 1729, 1796, 1800, 813, 1815 and 1821. Finally, in 1839, hina's Emperor ordered that the opi-m trade be ended. The British efused, of course. In the opium wars, Ier Majesty used Britain's Navy to eep the East safe for "the flowing oison."

Those battles, Steiner asserts, altered hina's reputation in the West. Soon, he country was seen as a land of mil-arily weak, politically corrupt opium ealers. That image, when it was trans-orted to America, twined with terms ike "joss house" and "white slave trade" o create the caricature behind the fear f a "yellow peril."

Steiner is eager to counter that ster-otype. Throughout much of *Fusang* he ries—perhaps at too much length—to how that the Chinese in America had n unappreciated capacity for hard hysical labor.

His chapter on the Chinese who mi-grated to California during the gold ush of 1849 contains elements of omedy—and some seeds of tragedy. The first emigrants were merchants—nd, Steiner says, they were very much dmired by the Caucasian roughnecks. So sublime was their belief in the su-eriority of their ancient culture and ractical knowledge that these Chinese orty-niners tended to be patronizing to he Yankee settlers. . . .The elegance of heir silk gowns amidst the filth and ex-rement on San Francisco's streets was wordless way of expressing their con-empt for these surroundings. . . ."

In 1850, there were only a few undred Chinese in California. A dec-ade later there were between 40,000 nd 50,000. By then, they were re-garded as "coolies"—as carriers of "the ellow peril."

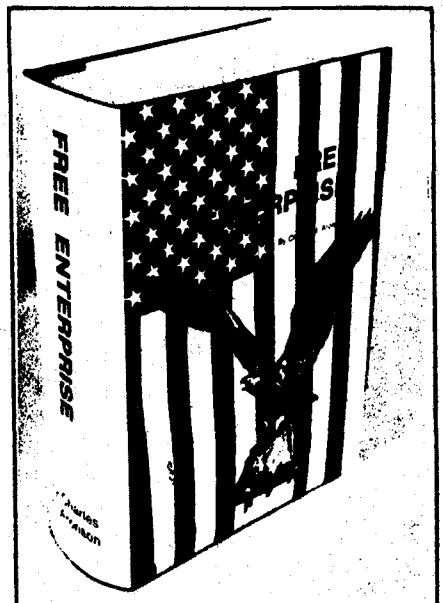
That tension was exacerbated, Stein-er argues, by the fact that the Chinese ctually tended to be better gold miners han most of their Yankee counter-parts. Most of them came from Kwang-tung Province and their common origin helped them work well together. More-over, many had amassed considerable experience in the tin mines of Malaya or the gold mines of Borneo. The Yan-kees envied them, Steiner says, espe-cially as the veins of gold ran thin. They expressed their feelings in frontier bal-lads such as this one:

> John Chinaman, John Chinaman,
> But five short years ago,
> I welcomed you from Canton, John,
> But I wish I hadn't, though
>
> Oh, John, I've been deceived in you
> And all your thieving clan,
> For gold is all you're after, John,
> To get it as you can.

The same sort of thing happened on the railroads. At first, the Caucasian la-borers and bosses felt contempt for the thin, frail Chinese, who washed every night "until they smelled like women," who ate dried fish, dried mushrooms, dried fruit instead of rice and beans and meat—who, as Steiner says, "seemed suspiciously feminine." Then, it turned out that the "celestial monkees," as the Chinese were called, possessed the engi-neering skills to build roads in inacces-sible places, and enough physical grace to set off dynamite blasts in remote rock faces. The Caucasians began to feel threatened by those skills. Steiner describes one episode, on the dry desert flats of Utah, where a crew of Irish workers and a crew of Chinese laborers fought a pitched battle in which they hurled charges of dynamite at one another.

When the railroads were built and the gold boom was done, this resent-ment began to spill over into vigilante terrorism and political policy. Now that the Chinese were no longer needed as laborers, there was a widespread move-ment to send them home. There were anti-Chinese riots throughout the West. For example, one night in 1885, in Rock Springs, Wyo., twenty-eight Chinese were murdered because they refused to go along with a strike vote. Legend has it that once, in Judge Roy Bean's Texas court, a white man was acquitted of murder because Judge Bean "couldn't find nothing where it says it's against the law to kill a Chinaman."

So, in the 1880s, the Chinese who were in the country were subjected to prejudice and violence, and their kin-folk were forbidden to join them by in-creasingly harsh immigration laws. Worse than that, in 1888 the particu-larly stringent Exclusion Act forbade Chinese who were even temporarily out of this country—visiting their families, for example—from returning here. It applied to 20,000 people who had once lived in America.



FREE ENTERPRISE

The life of an independent business

By Charles N. Aronson

$25.00 cloth $18.00 paper
0-915736-15-2 0-915736-16-0

6x9 1655 pages 821 illustrations
"The most compelling story of real business life ever written." JFS

CHARLES N. ARONSON, Publisher
RR1 Arcade NY 14009

Steiner does not end *Fusang* with those bleak facts. Instead, he closes the book by showing an America that is now somewhat more receptive to Chi-nese, here and in their homeland. And he dwells on the Chinese-Americans' at-tempt to recapture their past.

The final episode depicts a group of very Americanized Chinese college stu-dents returning to Canton, their ances-tral home, for a visit. It is the summer of 1972. One of them, Jean Quan, finds a metaphor for the expe-rience. Before the trip, she says, she was a *jooh sing*, a "hollow bamboo," "fated, it seemed to me, never to grasp either culture, Chinese or American." Now, Steiner writes, she was no longer a *jooh sing*. "In the earth of her ances-tors in China, she had discovered the source of her roots in America."

There are some serious flaws in *Fu-sang*. For example, Steiner often has trouble seeing the world through the eyes of older Chinese-Americans. He might have solved that problem with interviews, but instead he dismisses it with the lame excuse that he didn't want to invade their privacy. Often his stories are open to question. Why, for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

example, did the Chinese who—he asserts—helped found California hide behind Spanish names like Antonio Rodriguez, when their physical appearance contained all the necessary clues to their origins? Furthermore, it is not enough to assert and reassert that there were Chinese among America's frontiersmen, as Steiner does. One has to name them, to show them in action.

Still, *Fusang* is a prologue to a fascinating, unexplored history—to a spate of writing that might enable us to see this country through Chinese eyes, and help the rest of us understand it better through our own. □

Impeccable Credentials

SYLVIA LAW

STAR WITNESS. *By Richard Kluger. Doubleday & Company. 471 pp. $10.95.*

Tabor Hill is a busy woman. *Star Witness* is the story of her three-year stint as the first woman in an establishment law firm in New Haven. She comes to the job with ambivalence, impeccable credentials of heart and mind (*Yale Law Review*, a Federal clerkship and two years with legal services) and specializes in creative lawyering—doing well by doing good. She helps a black community group use their poverty as a tax write-off to start a co-op laundry, and then puts them together with a rich client seeking a tax loss to buy a tenement. She conceives and sells an electric power plan that simultaneously serves the interests of the utility, the university, the town and the environmentalists. A pretty neat trick.

Tabor Hill makes her colleagues in the firm uneasy by challenging the local powers that be. She wins a big suit against the university for sex discrimination in athletics. She forces the town's major manufacturer to equalize women's pay, and establishes a woman worker's right to work with hairy legs. She launches an omnibus municipal equalization action for her ghetto clients against the city, the unions, the banks and the real estate brokers.

Sylvia Law is a professor at New York University Law School. She is the author of Pain and Profit: The Politics of Malpractice *(Harper & Row).*

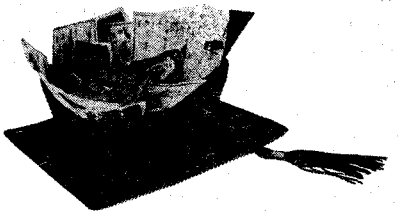
The discomfort of the guys at the office is allayed by the fact that Tabor also saves the day for partners who have bollixed big money deals, rescues the firm and clients from the embarrassment of failure and, by the way, earns all concerned a pile of money. She has her bad days too. She loses her case to establish a fundamental right to education for a retarded child, and fails to stop a ghetto school from being gobbled up for a medical school parking lot.

She does all this, and more, in just over two years; and I haven't yet mentioned her *big* case. In real life a lawyer would be considered prodigious if she accomplished a tenth as much as Tabor. Superpeople do make for good reading. These are high-quality legal war stories, extremely well told, with a sophisticated understanding of the law and richness of factual detail.

In her spare time, Tabor begins and ends a few sexual adventures. One is with a senior partner in the firm, a married man having what his wife calls "his mid-life thing." Another, brief and suitably dignified, is with a Federal court judge. In these relationships, as in everything else, Tabor is on top of the situation. It is not that she never has problems. But she is never blown away—even temporarily. She doesn't need a shoulder to cry on, which is a good thing because she doesn't have many real friends. She has associates and allies, professional and sexual. A woman friend from college appears and leaves in the space of months, but that is about it for friendship.

I am often frustrated and annoyed by the weakness of the women in contemporary fiction. Modern novels are littered with women misshapen by sexist oppression, emotionally narcissistic and floundering unsuccessfully to be competent in work that makes sense. We need novels that take us inside strong, three-dimensional women. The women I meet in real life are, as a class, much more together than those I meet in novels. *Star Witness* is refreshing in that Tabor Hill is nothing if not tough. But she is not three-dimensional. She is cut from cardboard, and the fact that the edges are slightly frayed does not make her three-dimensional. □

Make America smarter. Give to the college of your choice.



CFAE Council for Financial Aid to Education Inc
680 Fifth Avenue New York N.Y. 10019

Ad Council A Public Service of This Magazine & The Advertising Council

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

Michael Moriarty is the finest young actor now on our stage. No acting since the appearance of Marlon Brando in the late 1940s has so touched me by its unaffected sensitivity and natural beauty. His spiritual force and his constant responsiveness to every shade of thought and feeling without pressuring himself to "theatricalize," inspire wonder. Watching him, we read a human soul in action. My pleasure in seeing him in David Berry's *G.R. Point* (Playhouse Theatre) very nearly led me to overlook the merits of the text itself.

The subject is the pain and horror of men in war—in this instance the one in Vietnam. There have been other such plays: I generally harbor some resistance to them because it is almost impossible to convey convincingly on stage the direct physical contact of warfare. But *G.R. Point*, besides revealing both the degradation inherent in the experience of war and the virtues war sometimes elicits, also contains an unemphatic but nevertheless cogent portrait of a certain American type—the man of puritan mold.

Micah (played by Moriarty) is a well-reared and educated youth from Maine. His contact with his fellow soldiers and the brute facts of killing bring out all the contradictions of his character: its strength, limitations, capacity for growth—as well as its propensity to decay. He wishes to be "democratically" open and yet shuns or fears personal intimacy, repelling any intrusion into his private being. He unconsciously betrays a sense of superiority in which there is the sin of pride. Moralistic about, and yet coarsened by, the realities of service, he enjoys alarming relief from his "righteousness" but at the same time is assailed by a severe sense of guilt at not finding himself truly superior to the coarsest of his companions.

All this is so adroitly suggested by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he script (and by the keen delicacy of he performance) that in the midst of he usual and more violent attributes of he play (the gross language, the rough ernacular humor, the sound and ter-or of battle) one may lose sight of what s original in it.

The cast is excellent throughout—special mention should be accorded to Michael Jeter as the least rugged and simplest of the G.I.s—and the direction by William Devane is exact in pitch. Peter Larkin's setting, sharply raked, picturing a hilltop, is dramatically helpful, though the foam rubber used to indicate its bumpy rock surface tends to yield disturbingly under the weight of the actors' tread and seating.

Before passing on to the other items of this review, I must add that I have always been worried by anti-war plays: they come too late and they often precede new wars. But this is not what disturbs me in such a show as *Dispatches* (Public Theater), based on Michael Herr's book about the war in Vietnam, from which Elizabeth Swados has fashioned a rock musical. The set is efficiently arranged; there are moments of striking staging; the cast is sincerely committed, and here and there one may hear a few pungent lines, but the impact of rock music and the revuelike quality trivialize the tragedy.

Whose Life Is It Anyway?, a London success by Brian Clark, comes to us with its leading London player, Tom Conti (Trafalgar Theatre—the old Billy Rose Theatre—West 41st Street). It is an intelligent, well-crafted and altogether neat piece of work. There is something in its very nicety which strikes me as peculiarly British.

Its theme is strong. On "recovery" from a terrible auto accident, Ken Harrison, a sculptor, learns that due to an irreversible injury to his spine he will never again be able to walk or to use his hands. Under British law, he is entitled to free care and hospitalization for the rest of his life. He pleads for release from such protection, though medical authorities assure him that without it he will die within six days. But he does not wish to live as a perpetual invalid and his plea is in effect a request to commit suicide, which the doctors refuse to grant. Who is in the "right" in such a case? The play follows the process and consequence of this crucial argument.

It is done with a light touch. There is humor in the writing: Harrison is a most likable and witty person. The other characters—physicians, nurses, attendants, lawyers and a judge—are all decent people. There is little sentimentality in the telling, no unseemly stress or plumbing of depths. Common sense, reasonableness, kindly discipline and respectability dominate. The matter is presented with crisp decorum, effortless dramatization, verbal clarity, upright sanity.

I certainly do not disparage any of this. But I do ask more than this from the theater, though it may be said that our stage today rarely provides as much. Certainly one is "given to think": the play is written in civilized discourse resembling much of modern English fiction, comparable to the lesser Maugham.

The acting is just right, that is, in consonance with the mood and style established by the script and the direction. In this vein, Tom Conti is first-rate. One wishes, however, to see him in more ambitious roles. I very much liked Kenneth Welsh as an amiable lawyer, Beverly May as the head nurse Sister Anderson, and Jean Marsh (expressively muted) as an understanding doctor. The setting by Alan Tagg is discreetly artful and perfect for the overall tone and intent of the play, as is Tharon Musser's lighting.

I saw Stewart Parker's *Spokesong* (Circle in the Square Theatre) at the Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven last year and reviewed it favorably at the time. Though the cast is unchanged in the present showing, I enjoyed the play even more on second sight. The play's various elements—the songs which intersperse the action, the easy jocularity, the gentle good nature, the intimations of sorrow, and the ubiquitous signs of civil war in Northern Ireland—coalesce and create a happy unity which I had not quite perceived before.

The humble Belfast bicycle shop and the praise of locomotion by that old-fashioned vehicle constitute an endearing metaphor for conveying the play's essential meaning. What is being celebrated is the modesty as well as the unrelenting tenacity with which the Irish cling to their "littleness" and their rejection of materialism. They turn away from the latter-day progress represented by the march of the "big machine" and the rampant efficacy of industrialism. The play does not preach in any way—it wistfully, smilingly insinuates. *Spokesong* breathes compassion; it is truly pleasant, rich with tangy speech.

John Lithgow, Joseph Maher, Virginia Vestoff and the others—even a character embodying the counter-current—are all winning. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC

NAT HENTOFF

Except perhaps for his vocation, he was every mother's fantasy son. A good and brilliant boy. He didn't smoke or drink or do any kind of dope. He did play pool, and the horses, but was never owned by those passions. What consumed him, joyously, was music. Clifford Brown was a trumpet player, and at 24, he was so wondrous that Dizzy Gillespie used to come hear him whenever he could and request numbers in tough keys. Not to throw Clifford but because it was such a pleasure to hear a horn navigate those changes so easily and with such a warm, singing tone.

At 24, the effortlessly rising trumpet player died in a car crash. Among musicians, it took a long time for the shock to be absorbed. It wasn't only the loss of what would surely have been a presence on the level of Dizzy, Louis Armstrong and Miles Davis. Clifford was also greatly liked. Though hip, he was utterly without malice, generous and as lucid in his analysis of the jazz life as he was in his playing. Benny Golson wrote a gentle but deeply lyrical threnody, "I Remember Clifford," which was played a lot for a long time and still is heard when players are in a ruminative mood.

When he died, Clifford was working with Max Roach, the young patriarch of modern jazz drummers. They had an often incandescent quintet, the energy and imagination being so sustainedly compelling that it was hard to leave even after two or three sets. The risk of missing something even more extraordinary kept many listeners, including musicians, until the lights were out.

For years, players visiting Max Roach at home have talked about a tape he had of a nightclub session with himself, Clifford Brown and Sonny Rollins. It was more of a blowing date—with everybody stretching out—than a cross section of the combo's more intricate arrangements. The site was a neighborhood bar, the Bee Hive, in Chicago's black South Side, and the reason this night (November 7, 1955) turned out to be primarily a jam session had to do with the fact that Harold Land, the regular tenor for Brown-Roach, had left the band, and Sonny Rollins was sitting in to see if he felt comfortable in this company, and if the company felt at ease with him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In that respect, it was a historic occasion because, as is powerfully evident on the new two-LP release of that session (*Clifford Brown-Max Roach: Live at the Bee Hive*, Columbia), Sonny was fully up to the swift and ceaseless challenges endemic to improvising with Max and Clifford. But what makes this set so vital an addition to the jazz canon is the abundant opportunity to hear Brown outside a studio in the optimum setting for him, and for any other truly inventive improviser—on a bandstand, charging and being recharged by an intently appreciative audience.

Clifford was one of the most logical and luminous hornmen in jazz history. No matter how extended and dazzling the solo, it always cohered. A prodigious technician, he abhorred mere virtuosity, and so there were no gratuitously exhibitionist notes. His time was stunningly unerring. He swung from note one. And always, there was a penetrating lyricism, not only on ballads but also on the most sizzling uptempo tunes. Most arresting of all his qualities was Brownie's sound.

"Brownie," Max Roach recalls in the notes for this album, "had that same fat sound in the upper register, the middle register and the lower register. And that was what the other trumpet players always used to talk about when they talked about Clifford. That sound. That beautiful sound."

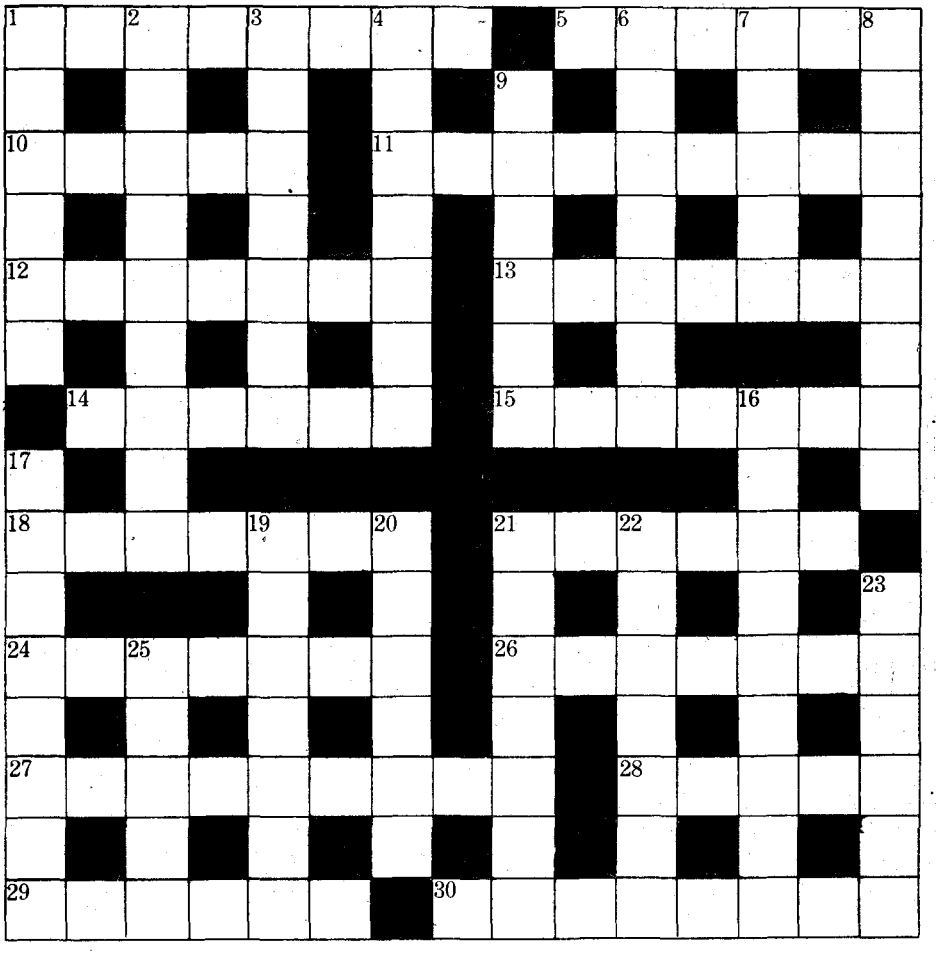
The compositions, both popular and modern jazz standards, invite the kind of "wide open" improvising, as Max puts it, that they get here—"I'll Remember April," "Walkin'," "Cherokee," "Woodyin' You," "Hot House." And the continually building excitement is as close to actually being in a club when the fusion works as it is possible to get on record.

When Brownie died, that particular way of playing trumpet—exuberant, driving, openly ardent—lost favor among many younger hornmen who gravitated to the more introspective and spare approach of Miles Davis. Dizzy Gillespie, of course, has kept that tradition alive, having created it, but Brownie would have been a strong additional force in that direction. But he is only history now, except that the sunny liveliness which bursts from these grooves seems so immediate, nearly twenty-four years later, that it stops time.

Max Roach was asked how Clifford was able to get and retain that *sound*. "He practiced all the time. As simple as that." Another thing, then, that has not changed. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1773

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Its pride makes it full of life. (5,3)
5 People grow old in the domestic establishment. (6)
10 Puts out such things as the *Times*. (5)
11 Puts out such things as the *Times*. (9)
12 Building part of the shed, if I cement it inside. (7)
13 A rift in the lute? Try to make it altogether perfect. (7)
14 Colors one found in trousers? (6)
15 See 20 down
18 Suggests *Life With Father* could be enjoyable. (7)
21 Puts down or out. (6)
24 Is found in quiet bars, yet acts in opposition. (7)
26 Plays a role—in open-air performances, no doubt. (4,3)
27 The answer to a problem might be "exit." (3,3,3)
28 Treves also might be an 8. (5)
29 Sioux found in a state that usually takes direction. (6)
30 See 25 down

DOWN

1 Looked askance on beauty? (In general, with color.) (6)
2 Losing air badly never copies these. (9)
3 Sounds rising about the point, and just sitting. (7)
4 One way to give an opinion without stopping. (7)
6 Sleep, it could be, has a message. (7)
7 Lev of literature obviously has his share of difficulty. (5).
8 One who tries to write? (8)
9 "Ut" with the first four letters of the scale, in an arrangement to carry one away (6)
16 Aging, with the outcry still not paid for. (9)
17 Its pride makes it full of life. (8)
19 Some time this month? (7)
20 and 15 across Good-looking, as they say, if soft lenses are so fitting. (4,2,3,4)
21 The number Durrell associated with Alexandria is not musical. (7)
22 In the present, it lets you name something this way. (7)
23 A former inquisitorial court of England loses color, but might contribute to stiffness. (6)
25 and 30 across One way to give an opinion without stopping. (5,2,6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1772

ACROSS: 1 In due course; 9 Carvings; 10 Unreal; 11 Dessert; 14 Treble; 17 Homespun; 20 Miller; 24 Broadly; 26 Handle; 28 Free and easy. DOWN: 2, 22 and 12 across No visible means of support; 3 Unnerve; 4, 15 and 27 Cost-of-living increase; 5 Unusual; 6 Scrap; 7 Career; 8 Warren; 13 Bound; 16 Villagers; 18 Operas; 19 Protege; 20 Miracle; 21 Enlist; 23 Nadir; 26 Sign.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

o National with The Nation's Classifieds: ou can reach a large audience of discriminating, educated and concerned readers roughout the United States at very reasonle rates. We charge $3 per line (45 characrs or spaces)—two line minimum. Take lvantage of our special offer: place an der for three insertions of your ad, and we ill print a fourth insertion free! Please enose payment and send to Lindsey Weinaub c/o The Nation.

EVENTS

ational Middle East Conference "Search for Peace the Middle East: The New Context." April 27-, 1979. All Souls' Church, Washington, D.C. A nference on U.S. policy in the Middle East. r information regarding speakers and regisation write to: Middle East Programs, Ameran Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry treet, Phila. PA 19102.

ASSOCIATIONS

ORPUS—National Association Resigned/Mared Priests; Box 2649; Chicago, IL 60690.

WINES & LIQUORS

ive Money! Create your own liqueurs and corals. No distilling or fermenting. Make in your tchen. Recipes-Instructions only $3.95 ppd. E B Sales 1682A Orangewood, Anaheim, CA 2802.

ecome a wine expert, in just a few issues of WINE, *e most authoritative wine magazine* (64 ages with color). Send $9.00 for year, or $1.00 ample issue to Les Amis du Vin. 2302 Perkins ace, Silver Spring, MD 20910.

RECIPES

hurch Bazaar Coleslaw. Old Family Recipe. Send 1 and S.A.S.E., *Nation Box 560.*

laudine's Chewy Chip Bars. All done in one an—no bowls etc. Send $1.00 and S.A.S.E. to he Nation Box 980.

crumptious deep fried flour taco; Spanish gazpao. S.A.S.E. and $1.00 to Nation Box 310.

Minnesota State Fair Blue Ribbon Banana Nut read (Super Moist). Fabulous No-Roll Sugar ookies. SASE. $1.00 Write Nation Box 38.

Savoy Trifles and Sally Lunn Cakes. Send $1.00 and self-addressed stamped envelope to The Nation, Box 20.

Superb Chocolate Mousse. $1.00. SASE. Write Nation, Box 20.

LITERARY SERVICES

MART, FLEXIBLE TYPIST. Dissertations, novels, ou name it. IBM electronic typewriter produces gorgeous copy. New York City (212) 724-0106. Ask about pick-up and delivery.

rofessional editing, rewrite, more. Prompt, reaonable. The French Edits, P.O. Box 99623, San iego, CA 92109.

BOOKS

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF BOOK AUCTIONS. Bid by mail or attend. Sample catalog free. Mention subject interests. LAZY DAY GALLERIES, 26 E. Mt. Pleasant Ave., Livingston, NJ 07039.

PERIODICALS

Journal of the History of Sociology. Articles, reviews, for the lay historian and social scientist as well as professional. $10/year; $4/sample issue. JHS, 42 Englewood Ave., Brookline, MA 02146.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives Marxist viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial subscription, $1. Full year $17. GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011.

NAVASKY, LINGEMAN. Kitman and Monocle return in the Spring issue of THEATER, devoted to satire and politics. Issue: $3.50; 1 year; $8.00; 2 years: $14.50. Send to: THEATER, Box 2046 Yale Station, Dept. CL-4, New Haven CT 06520.

PUBLICATIONS

BLACKOUT LOOTING! by Robert Curvin and Bruce Porter. What really happened during the New York City blackout on July 13, 1977? The authors interviewed over 200 looters, police, merchants, community leaders, and government officials. There are surprising results from this excellent investigative report that give important insights into all urban looting situations. Order now through GARDNER PRESS, INC., 19 Union Square West, New York 10003. $13.95 cloth. $6.95 paper. Include sales tax where applicable and $1.50 for postage and handling.

Kids in Cults: Why They Join, stay and leave. $2.00 by Irvin Doress, Ed.D. and Jack Nusan Porter, Ph.D., Very useful. RC Associates, 42 Englewood Ave., Brookline, MA 02146.

BEAUTY CONTESTS ON THE JOB? Women paid 80¢/day? Read about new forms of personnel control in the global electronics industry. "Changing Role of SE Asian Women." $1.50 each. **Southeast Asia Chronicle,** Dept. B, P.O. Box 4000D, Berkeley, CA 94704.

LEO STRAUSS issue—$10.50: **Independent Journal of Philosophy.** Cobenzlgasse 13/4, A1190 Vienna, Austria. T.N.

In their own words, lives of trappers, firefighters, loggers, IWW's, women in Idaho's St. Joe Forest 1914-1941: Photos. Edited by Bert Russell. $4.95 Lacon Pubs. Harrison, Id. 83833.

The nuclear accident in Pennsylvania was not the first meltdown. For a frightening and true account, read WE ALMOST LOST DETROIT, by John Fuller ($4, postpaid). Also, NO NUKES, EVERYONE'S GUIDE TO NUCLEAR POWER by Anna Gyorgy ($8, postpaid). For books, and a free catalogue of explosive films about atomic energy contact: GMP, Box 177D, Montague, Mass. 01351 (418-863-4754).

RECORDS & TAPES

Records, tapes & books by, for and about WOMEN. Hundreds available. Poetry, prose, plays, speeches and music. FREE catalogue. WOMEN'S AUDIO EXCHANGE, BOX 273, Cambridge, N.Y. 12816.

FREE PROMOTIONAL ALBUMS: Concert tickets, stereos, etc. Info: Barry Publications, 477A 82nd Street, Brooklyn, NY 11209.

TRAVEL

TOURS TO CUBA: Specialized itineraries designed for political visitors, with 1- and 2-week trips focusing on education, the role of women, labor, culture and more. Prices range from $560-825, all-inclusive from Montreal or Tampa. Contact Guardian Tours, Dept. D, 33 W. 17th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011. (212) 691-0404.

SAIL WITH EINSTEIN'S SKIPPER! Cruise Nova Scotia's beautiful coast in 38' ketch. $275/wk. M.R. Haase, Chester, N.S., Canada.

STAMPS

STAMPS ON APPROVAL—U.S. U.N. Plate block and foreign specialists. Free Gift with request. Colonie, Box One, Dept. N. Guilderland NY 12084.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUR PHOTO on a giant poster, wallet size, 8 x 10 or stamp size. Blk & white or color. Details free. E & B Sales 1682A W. Orangewood, Anaheim, CA 92802.

REAL ESTATE

Moving to Ann Arbor? For pleasant, capable real estate service, please call or write Rose Hochman, The Cornell-Morris Co. 2082 S. State, Ann Arbor, MI 48104. Tel. 313-769-9288.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WORK IN JAPAN! No experience, degree, or Japanese required. Teach English conversation. Send long, stamped, self-addressed envelope for details. Japan-11, P.O. Box 33, Centralia, WA. 98531.

LEGAL SERVICES

Living Together? Two agreement forms. Send $3.00 to: AGREEMENT COMPANY, P.O. Box 11928, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19145. Void where prohibited.

Last will and testament. Blank will form drafted by licensed attorney. Only $2. Order today. Box 6572, Columbus, Ga. 31907.

PERSONALS

Masterful Gentleman, 40s, seeks a very special young woman with acquiescent inclinations to share fantasies, sensuality and permanency. Reply Nation Box 900.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norman Birnbaum, Blair Clark,
Ramsey Clark, Fred Cook, Terrence Des Pres,
E.L. Doctorow, Richard Falk, Jules Feiffer,
Tom Ferguson & Joel Rogers, Frances FitzGerald,
James Goodman & Dorothy Samuels, Philip Green,
Christopher Hitchens, Leonard Kriegel,
Penny Lernoux, Sanford Levinson,
Carey McWilliams, Aryeh Neier, Marcel Ophuls,
Nora Sayre, Robert Sherrill, Calvin Trillin,
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Alan Wolfe **write it.**

John Alcorn, Marshall Arisman, Tony Auth,
Seymour Chwast, Robert Grossman, Frances Jetter,
Ed Koren, David Levine, Lou Myers, Ed Sorel
illustrate it.

Victor Navasky **edits it.**

We've changed the face of The Nation. The new Nation is something to see.

Why is today's Nation, from editorial to the arts, wiser and wittier than anything in the field? The answer is in the people who write it, illustrate it, and edit it.

Join them. Say "yes" to our enticing offer in the coupon.

The Nation.

333 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014

YES! Send me six months (24 issues) of The Nation at the low introductory rate of $9.95. I understand I may cancel at any time and receive a prompt refund for all undelivered copies.

☐ I enclose $9.95. For saving you billing costs I will receive four extra issues free.

☐ Enclosed is $21 for one full year (47 issues).

* Add $3.00 postage for Canada and Mexico; $5 other foreign subscriptions.

Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

2020

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED